

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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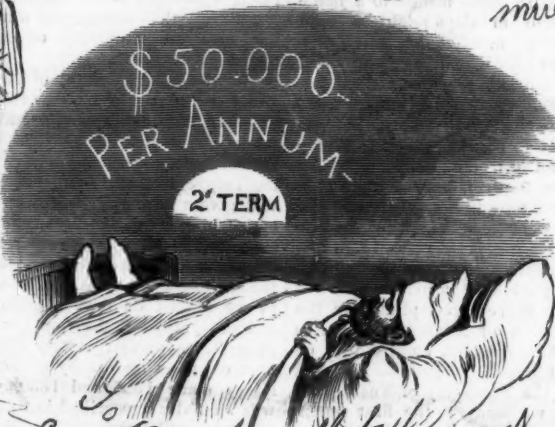
*A life position
which I liked.*



*"My retirement with the rank and a
portion of the emoluments which I so
much needed."*



*To a home where the
balance of my days might be
spent in peace*



*"To sacrifice all but
comfort and happy dreams
for the enjoyment of domestic quiet."*



*To keep in power and
protect the rings*



*"Not to accept a
nomination for
the third term
unless under
such circumstances
as to make it an
imperative duty"*
U.S. Grant

THE PRESIDENT'S OPEN LETTER ON THE THIRD TERM.

WHAT GRANT EXPECTED, AND WHAT HE EXPECTS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1875.

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THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

ANY utterance made by the President of the United States in the hearing of his countrymen, and designed for their information, is entitled to respectful consideration. Especially is this true in the case of a President so chary of public speech as General Grant, and when the theme on which he discourses has already piqued the liveliest curiosity of the people. His open letter, therefore, addressed to the President of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, in response to the unequivocal declaration of that body, to the effect that the Republicans of the Keystone State are unalterably opposed to the "Third Term," deserves to be treated with something more than the flippant criticism of political persiflage.

It must be universally conceded, we think, that the President has been exceedingly unfortunate in the time and occasion he has selected for making this deliverance of a great public question. In a matter which so deeply concerns his personal dignity, as well as the prosperity of the political party to which he is attached, it would seem that his own instincts, as well as a sense of obligation to his friends, ought to have prompted an earlier intimation of his views in the premises without at all compromising the proprieties of his high position. For when he says that he takes public notice of this question at the present time only because "a body of the dignity and party authority of a convention to make nominations for State officers of the second State in the Union" has deigned to take issue on the subject, he deals a back-handed blow at another convention of like character, which met in South Carolina more than a year ago, and formally nominated him for the third term. The colored supporters of the President in South Carolina, if he was of the same mind then as now, were not only treated with contemptuous silence at the time, but that silence is now broken by the President only for the purpose of giving emphasis to a contempt which before was latent in the Presidential mind. Did the negro voters of South Carolina need to be so publicly snubbed in the presence of the country?

It passes without the saying that if the President was to speak at all on this topic he would have better consulted his personal self-respect, and his standing in the eyes of his countrymen, by declining the meditated honor when it was proffered to him, instead of subjecting himself to the mortification of publicly declining a gift which has been publicly withdrawn. But this infelicity in point of the time selected for his manifesto sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the infelicity which the President has impressed on his letter in point of the form given to it.

Three courses were open to the President in dealing with this untoward complication: to preserve an unbroken silence; to speak with head erect, and in the unequivocal terms of a frank and manly self-abnegation, or to "pettifog" the issue that has been raised in the premises.

Writing in an evil hour, and under the impulse of a sullen and sulky resentment, which he takes no pains to conceal, General Grant has selected the last-named horn of this dilemma, and on this horn he cruelly impales himself in the presence of the whole country. For surely the President falls greatly below the dignities of his high office, and misses the proprieties of a graceful abdication, when he complicates his words of retreat with solid considerations of personal emolument, and with an elaborate plea for a third term of service under certain extraordinary circumstances. The country does not need to be reminded, especially at this time, when his salary has been doubled, of the pecuniary and personal sacrifices made by General Grant in resigning the office of Gen-

eral of the Army to assume that of the Presidency. For to be reminded of such matters in a moment like this can but bring back to the minds of the people the very low and mercenary theory of public duty announced by the friends of General Grant at the threshold of his political career as a reason why he should be indulged with at least two terms. It is known that when formal negotiations were first opened with him by the Republican managers for the purpose of securing his acceptance of the Republican nomination, the only difficulties which attended the negotiation arose from the money value of the life estate which the General had in the office created for him at the head of the army, as compared with the transient emoluments of the Presidential chair. Colonel Forney has told us how General Grant received the formal suggestion of his name in connection with the Presidency when in 1868, with a view of "sounding" him, that suggestion was first put by the Washington Daily Chronicle in a shape which "meant business," and which was formally brought to the General's notice by General Rawlins, with a view to an answer. Reciting the upshot of that negotiation four years afterwards, when the question of the second term began to be mooted, Colonel Forney wrote as follows in the Washington Sunday Chronicle of February 25th, 1872: "When Rawlins came back from General Grant with the editorial, he told us with great emphasis: 'General Grant does not want to be President. He thinks the Republican Party may need him, and he believes as their candidate he can be elected and re-elected; but, during his Administration? He is now receiving from \$17,000 to \$20,000 a year as General of the Armies of the Republic—a life salary. To go into the Presidency at \$25,000 a year for eight years is, perhaps, to gain more fame, but what is to become of him at the end of his Presidency? He is not a politician. He does not aspire to the place. Eight years from the 4th of March, 1869, he will be about fifty-six years old. Of course, he must spend his salary as President. England, with her Wellington, her Nelson, and her other heroes on land and sea, has never hesitated to enrich and embellish them through all their posterity.'"

It seems little less than a public scandal that the President should now recall these well-nigh forgotten negotiations and give them a fresh currency by writing as follows upon the "sacrifice" he made in accepting the Presidency of the United States: "In the first place, I never sought the office for a second, nor even for a first, nomination. To the first I was called from a life position—one created by Congress expressly for me for supposed services rendered to the Republic. The position vacated I liked. It would have been most agreeable to me to have retained it until such time as Congress might have consented to my retirement with the rank and a portion of the emoluments which I so much needed, to a home where the balance of my days might be spent in peace and the enjoyment of domestic quiet, relieved from the cares which have oppressed me so constantly now for fourteen years. But I was made to believe that the public good called me to make the sacrifice."

President Grant is not the first ruler who has showed himself unworthy of high office by the reasons given for renouncing it. Dante has damned for all time in his "Inferno" the recreant Pope Celestine V., who "made through cowardice the great refusal" of the Papal chair. Amurath II. resigned the Turkish throne under the stress of a private sorrow, that he might the more freely plunge in the voluptuous pleasures of Magnesia. Charles V. renounced the cares of empire that he might betake himself to gastronomy and watch-making at the Monastery of Yuste. But President Grant, we fancy, is the first potentate who has accompanied his resignation of official honors with a profit and loss account of "sacrifices" incurred by accepting them. When Cæsar saw that he was doomed to pay with his life the forfeit of his ambition, it is written that he gathered his robes about him that he might at least fall with such dignity as became a Roman hero. If the Pennsylvania Republicans have played the part of Brutus, Cassius and Casca in the assault they made on the pretensions of our modern Cæsar, it is to be regretted that in yielding to the storms of fate he could not have borrowed some lessons from the example of his illustrious prototype, while if he was merely celebrating a mock funeral, like that with which Charles V. anticipated the glories of beatification, just as little can we congratulate him on the taste displayed in ordering his own obsequies.

THE GRAND MASONIC CELEBRATION.

ON Wednesday of last week took place an event which has been long looked forward to in Masonic circles in this city and State, and, indeed, throughout the entire Union, as one of unusual importance. We refer to the dedication of the Masonic Temple in this city. It is now some thirty-two years since the necessity for such a building as that which now adorns the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street began to be felt. In 1843 the first subscription, a single dollar, was paid to the fund; and since that date the funds

have steadily accumulated. In 1860 the Trustees were enabled to secure, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, that fine property at the corner of Grand and Crosby Streets. This, however, not proving quite suitable for the purpose intended, was disposed of in 1869 for one hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars, the funds being improved by the sale to the extent of some forty-one thousand dollars. In 1873 a grand Masonic Fair was held, and from it was realized some fifty thousand dollars. On the 8th of June, 1870, the corner-stone was laid with the most imposing ceremonies, and on the 4th of October, 1872, little more than two years after the laying of the corner-stone, and nearly thirty years after the subscription of the first dollar, the cope-stone was hoisted into its place, and New York became possessed of, perhaps, the grandest Masonic Temple in the world. It was resolved that the dedication of the edifice should be conducted on a scale of unusual splendor and magnificence; the preparations for the event have extended over two years, and on Wednesday, June 2d, New York witnessed the result.

It is not to be denied that the affair was a complete and triumphant success. It was, perhaps, the grandest Masonic display ever made in the history of the craft. The morning was beautiful, and a gentle breeze tempered the rays of a hot June sun. The city put on its gayest attire; business was in great part suspended in honor of the event; and while manhood in its nobler forms was seen on the streets below, beauty looked down and smiled approvingly from every window and from every balcony along the entire line of route. We have never seen a finer body of men; and certainly, in point of numbers, there never was a more magnificent demonstration of Masonic strength. The recent installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the English Lodges only brought together ten thousand Freemasons; and certainly that was one of the most remarkable gatherings which have ever taken place under the auspices of the Order in the British Empire. On Wednesday not fewer than twenty-five thousand "Free and Accepted Masons" from different parts of the United States must have paraded these streets; and, magnificent as was the "turn-out," it was not disproportionate to the strength of the Masonic body throughout the country. It has been estimated that there are, in the whole world, one million of Freemasons who have attained the rank of Master. If this estimate is correct, then there must be in the United States, at least, one-half the Master Masons in the world. In the State of New York alone there are not fewer than ninety-one thousand Freemasons—a number which exceeds the combined strength of all the Lodges of England. To one accustomed to such demonstrations in the Old World, there was wanting much of the material pomp and aristocratic paraphernalia there deemed indispensable; but the absence of these did not detract from the dignity and imposing character of the solemnity; and it was felt by all that everything was in fine keeping with the simplicity of our Republican institutions.

The Masonic Fraternity of the United States, and particularly of New York, are to be congratulated on the splendid success which attended the dedicatory services of Wednesday. It will be remembered as a "white day" in the future history of American Masonry. It will give a new and vigorous impulse to the entire body; and the presumption is, that the successes of the past, great and wonderful as they have been, will be completely eclipsed by the successes of the future. It was impossible, as we looked on that magnificent gathering and contemplated the fine lines and massive proportions of that stately edifice, not to reflect on the wonderfully altered condition of things since 1825 and 1830, when Masonry was virtually proscribed in this State. There are men still living who took part in those stormy times, although most of them have since gone to their rest. Some of us remember the terrible excitement which followed on the disappearance of Morgan; and the fierce anti-Masonic crusade led by Seward, Weed and the rest, with all its terrible secrets, with all its glory and all its shame, will never be obliterated from the pages of history. Happier times have dawned upon us all. In the enjoyment of a purer light and a higher liberty, it is only magnanimous to forget and to forgive. Bitter memories, no doubt, will remain, and the record of wrongs done will never be wiped out; but the antagonisms of those tempestuous times are dead, nor are they likely ever again to disturb the peace of the Republic. Fifty years ago, who could have imagined that the Summer of 1875 should witness in New York city two such imposing celebrations as those which we have witnessed—the installation of a Roman Cardinal and the dedication of a Masonic Temple with all the necessary accompanying demonstrations? Who could have foreseen that such events should take place, not only without giving any occasion for violence, but to the delight and satisfaction of the populace? They have taken place; and they furnish the best possible evidence of our increasing wisdom and of our ripening liberty.

Masonry, it is manifest, is destined to have a great future in the United States. It is now one hundred and forty-five years since the first Lodge was established in Boston. At first the growth of the Fraternity was not

rapid; but latterly, from a variety of concurrent causes, it has grown and prospered amazingly. In the Catholic countries of Europe it is hindered and kept down by the power of the Church. Here, however, it is free and untrammelled. It is subject to no inconveniences, to no pains, no penalties. Its mission is pure and noble; and, therefore, in spite of the afresh-repeated anathemas of Rome, men wish it god-speed. It interferes not with politics; it meddles not with religion. By the State and by the Church it is therefore left alone. We have studiously avoided in this article all discussion as to the merits or demerits of Freemasonry as an organized institution. It is enough for us to know that it is based upon the religion of Jesus, that it has never allied itself against human liberty, that it seeks to advance the moral and physical wellbeing of the race, and that its watchword is—Charity.

THE WHISKY RING.

THE Whisky Ring is an old institution. For ten years it has been powerful with the Republican Party and with the office-holders. Previously to July 20th, 1868, the tax on whisky was two dollars a gallon, and we have the word of Columbus Delano, in his official report as Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1869, that the Government did not collect "a tenth part of its tax on distilled spirits." This is also shown by the facts that the Government, during the fiscal year 1868 collected the tax on only 6,709,546 gallons, while in 1869, when the tax was reduced from two dollars a gallon to fifty cents, the quantity paying the tax increased to 62,092,417 gallons, or nine times as many gallons as paid tax the previous year. We are willing to admit that in a country so extensive as ours a tax of two dollars a gallon on whisky cannot be collected, even though the men appointed to collect it were much more honest and efficient than they are. The tax, as it now stands, being ninety cents a gallon, can and ought to be collected. France and Great Britain, nations having a smaller population than the United States, derive each of them a revenue of upwards of seventy million dollars from excise duties on spirits, while we get only forty-four million dollars. Our liquors have the reputation of being much worse than those of France and England, and they certainly come no cheaper to the consumer.

Let us try and ascertain what is the annual consumption, of distilled spirits in the United States, which, when contrasted with the consumption as returned by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, will give us some idea of the extent to which the Government has been defrauded. By the census of 1860, the amount of distilled spirits produced in this country was 90,000,000 gallons, of which not more than two per cent was exported. It is fair to presume that the imposition of taxes has reduced the consumption, and there is also a falling off in the use of spirits for purposes other than drinking. The census of 1870 gives no information as to the quantity of spirits manufactured. In his annual report for 1869, Mr. Delano estimated the annual consumption at not less than 80,000,000 gallons, and in 1870 he again estimated it at from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 gallons. Finally the official reports of the Internal Revenue Commissioners for 1870 show the manufacture during that year of 71,337,099 gallons of spirits distilled from grain, which either went directly into consumption after payment of the tax, or were placed in bonded warehouses. After a careful consideration of such information as we have been able to command, we have come to the conclusion that in 1870 the consumption of distilled spirits, not counting spirits distilled from fruit, was about seventy-five million gallons. We have quoted our authorities, and if the reader does not accept our conclusion, he is at liberty to make one for himself, which will probably be larger than the one we have given.

The next point to which we invite attention is the steady growth of the country in population. Unfortunately the growth of the country in population is attended by a corresponding increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors, and this is especially the case since the short-sighted efforts which the Prohibitionists have made to suppress drinking by law. Whatever effects may have followed the first imposition of the whisky tax, they do not interfere with our argument, since we take the year 1870 as a starting-point, when whisky had already been taxed for several years. A tax on whisky undoubtedly encourages the consumption of malt liquors, and is in that respect beneficial. Congress has been sensible enough to recognize the fact, and has taxed ale and beer very lightly, while Great Britain imposes no tax at all on malt liquors. Since 1870, however, the consumption of malt liquors in the United States shows no extraordinary increase, and we shall without further comment take it for granted that from July 1st, 1869, to July 1st, 1874, the population of the country has increased twelve and a half per cent, and that the increase in the consumption of liquors has been in the same ratio. In making this assumption, we really take nothing for granted. Once grant that our supposition is just as we hold it to be, and the enormity of the frauds committed by the Whisky Ring will be immediately apparent.

The following table gives the annual taxable production of distilled spirits in the United States for five years, as shown by the Internal Revenue reports, contrasted with the annual home consumption of British spirits for a like period as shown by the excise duties collected. In the column showing the production of the United States, instead of a progressive increase, corresponding with the growth of the country in population, which would have given a production of nearly eighty million gallons for 1874, we find a falling off from the figures of 1870, and we well know that the figures for the year 1875, ending with this month, will make a still worse exhibit. The home consumption of Great Britain, on the contrary, shows a steady and uninterrupted increase, corresponding with the growth of population and the prosperity of the trade:

UNITED STATES.		GREAT BRITAIN.	
Year.	Gallons.	Year.	Gallons.
1870.....	71,337,099	1869.....	21,941,779
1871.....	54,576,446	1870.....	22,959,491
1872.....	68,275,745	1871.....	24,563,993
1873.....	68,236,567	1872.....	27,276,519
1874.....	68,805,374	1873.....	29,322,087

There is only one way to account for the remarkable contrast in these columns of figures. There is no escape from the conclusion that in Great Britain the tax has been honestly collected, while in the United States the Treasury has been systematically swindled.

THE CENSUS.

IN 1865, it will be remembered, a great outcry was made that, for political purposes, an under-enumeration of this city's population took place at the taking of the census. We are ten years older now. The census is again being taken under State authority, and as we are not in the midst of political excitement, where a certain amount of population can affect the political status of this or that Congress, one would suppose that this time, at least, the metropolis of America would have a fair show in the exact computation of its inhabitants. As we have taken special pains to investigate this matter, we must publicly express our fears that again this time we are to be cheated out of our correct population. And our fears are shared by the very gentlemen who have been requested to act as supervisors in this city. We are candid in saying that political manoeuvres have nothing at all to do with it, and that the cause of it all lies in the ignorance of those framing our laws and of those charged with controlling the census machinery.

To begin with, the blanks given to the enumerators are the same as those used ten years ago, and no progress in the science of statistics; and, furthermore, they are based entirely upon the idea that the whole State is composed of villages and hamlets, without the least possible regard being had to the requirements of a well-organized and large city. As the enumerator only fills up the political columns of his blank, he cannot even take the number of a house where he gets his information, as no column is provided for it. The importance of this will at once be understood when it is remembered that should the enumerator make a mistake, it will be simply impossible to correct it. But let us go further. Who are to correct the errors? The supervisors? They will tell you that there exists no law giving them authority to control or regulate the work of the enumerators. The latter report directly to the Secretary of State at Albany, and are totally independent of the supervisors. These gentlemen are more ornamental than useful, not by any fault of their own, but owing to the clumsy manner in which the census law has been enacted. They are all disposed to help the enumerators, but authoritatively and legally they can do nothing. Hence there is virtually no check on the enumerators. They must complete their work on the 30th of June, when each of them will be ready to draw his ninety dollars. Were these men paid by the piece, or, in other words, were they to receive so many cents for each name, it is but natural that, all other qualities being equal, they would get more names than those who do such work at \$3 per day. The men who do the work of enumerating, we assure our readers, need watching, if we are at all disposed to give the city credit for what is due her. But the law does not authorize anybody to do it, and men drawn from the army of unemployed politicians now are engaged in performing one of the most important administrative duties that ever falls to the lot of officials. As a supervisor remarked the other day, "we are like trustees of a charitable society without being able to be of much use." There are a few high-toned gentlemen appointed as supervisors; and we would not be surprised if they were to resign their thankless appointment, as they do not want to be held responsible for work that must necessarily be full of blunders from beginning to end.

And thus we go on from one year to another, always active when some political manoeuvre has to be forced through a convention or a Congress, but totally indifferent as to the very foundation of a nation's prosperity, viz., to know itself. To know what it is composed of, what it contains, what resources are at its command, facts and figures upon which to build experiments resulting in great improvements, all these important mat-

ters are regarded as of secondary importance. If they are attended to at all, they are only half done, not thoroughly, and hence when on the 1st of July we are told that our city has only a million of inhabitants, we must be content and ask no more questions, for the census is finished. Let us hope that during the next ten years some able statisticians will put their heads together and frame a census law in accordance with advanced civilization, permitting no man to be appointed enumerator unless he has passed a satisfactory examination; then let separate blanks be prepared for cities over and under 500,000 inhabitants, and let able salaried supervisors be appointed, having certain powers, to whom the enumerators must report every day at the conclusion of their labors. Then let the corrections be made day after day, and let the enumerator be sent back until the information sought for has been obtained. Let the returns thus obtained first be made out *in toto* in the place where the census has been concluded, and the official returns then be sent to Albany. No communication should be had directly between the Secretary of State and the enumerator. The supervisor should not be a figurehead, as he is now, and the widest scope should be given to our savans to suggest whatever in the shape of statistical information is required. As the law stands now, with a want of responsibility everywhere, and all the power in the hands of an illiterate, hungry class of politicians, the census of 1875 will be simply a farce.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JUNE 5, 1875.

Monday.....	(Holiday.)	Thursday.....	116½ @ 116½
Tuesday.....	116½ @ 116½	Friday.....	117 @ 117
Wednesday.....	116½ @ 116½	Saturday.....	116½ @ 117½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. TENNYSON is said to have derived from the transit of Venus a simile in his forthcoming drama. Poets, like editors, must now keep up with the news of the day.

THE IMMIGRANTS who arrived at Castle Garden from January 1st to June 1st numbered 37,355—19,418 less than during the corresponding period last year.

THE PEOPLE, says the Milwaukee News, are determined to have honest and good government, and those who estrange the honest body of independent voters are the enemies of the people.

THE VERDICT of the coroner's jury in the case of the victims of the Holyoke church burning lays the blame on the constructors of the building. But the latter will probably escape any other penalty, as usual in similar cases.

PUNCH ruled off the course in advance on jocks about Galopin, who won the Derby on the 26th ult. It might have done as much for Spinaway, who won the Oaks Stakes on May 26th. Had we a Punch among us, it would have given a similar warning against any temptation to count in the Hundredth Day of the Tilton-Beecher Trial as a centennial.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM sailed on Saturday, June 5th, for Ireland. All their countrymen hope that their last victory at Creedmoor may be repeated at Dollymount. At least it may be expected that they will equal their old score, so that if the Irish team should surpass it, the result will be an Irish triumph rather than an American defeat.

THE APPROACHING COLLEGE REGATTA at Saratoga is stimulating already the oarsmen of the fourteen college crews who are to participate in it to the utmost exertions in the way of preparation. From the fine points exhibited by the Columbia crew, now in practice on Harlem River, it will manifestly be no easy task to wrest the championship from them.

LAWYERS in the case of Tilton vs. Beecher, historical writers, and even writers of novels and plays, would do well to remember Matthew Arnold's remark, applied by him especially to commentators upon the gospels: That a theory has superior vigor and rigor does not prove it to be the right account how a thing happened; things do not generally happen with vigor and rigor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS told a Herald interviewer on the subject of the President's third-term letter: "I like the letter. It does not change my judgment, however, which is that, all things considered, Grant is emphatically the man for the next President. I am certain that under no other man can the Republican Party hope for success." Next to Grant, Mr. Phillips's choice would be, he said, Ben Butler.

REFORM is the order of the day; but the vigorous retrenchment exemplified by the Dock Commissioners in reducing annual expenditures \$72,500 by cutting down salaries and decreasing the number of officers may be approved, under present circumstances, without making our citizens forget that the advantages of substantial docks along the river-front of New York city would be incalculable, at almost any cost.

IF THE OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION handled very tenderly the money question, there was at least no evasion or subterfuge in its treatment of the third-term question. Its condemnation of such violation of a "fundamental rule" of the unwritten law of the Republic as the attempt to give any President a third term of service was unqualified, and worthy of imitation by other Republican Conventions yet to be held.

FOR THE BENEFIT of a studious correspondent who complains that newspaper editors do not give news enough about the results of modern philosophical thought and research, but confine themselves to reporting current gossip about topics of ephem-

eral interest, we reproduce this ponderous sentence quoted by the North American Review as summing up Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Comment would be superfluous.

GERMAN HONORS TO AMERICAN SCHOLARS.—The Emperor William of Germany has just honored himself by honoring two distinguished Americans. He has conferred the order of Civil Merit on the Hon. George Bancroft the historian, and on Henry W. Longfellow the poet. We are pleased with this recognition of American literature in the persons of two of its most illustrious representatives.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—It is now stated, on what seems good authority, that at the close of the present session of Parliament, Premier Disraeli will retire from active life. Age and increasing infirmity are said to be the cause. After all, there are not many Palmerstons now in England. Mr. Disraeli is in his seventieth year. At the age of seventy-one Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister for the first time, and ruled England for ten years.

THE AFFIDAVIT OF INGERSOLL in the civil suit against William M. Tweed has convinced grumblers that Governor Tilden knew well what he was about when he pardoned the quondam associate of the "Ring Thieves." The institution of suits against the estates of the Sweeny brothers, and against the estate of the late James Watson, open already a prospect that a portion of the Ring's ill-gotten gains may yet be disgorged for the benefit of the city.

REVERDY JOHNSON thus emphatically concludes his stinging letter to the Herald about President Grant's views on the third-term question: "The President, indeed, so far as he is personally concerned, seems to regard it as a mere matter of dollars and cents; and it may perhaps be legitimately inferred that if the salary which he now receives should be secured to him as a retiring pension he would gladly leave the office at the end of his present term and return to that home 'where the balance of his days might be spent in peace and the enjoyment of domestic quiet,' and without any apprehension that the peace and safety of the country are not as safe in the hands of his successor as they have been in his own, and this belief I have no doubt the public will fully share."

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE THIRD TERM.—A correspondent of the Tribune has been interviewing Vice-President Wilson. The Vice-President was, as usual, frank, pleased to be interviewed and not unwilling to express his opinions. As was to be expected, he is not at all pleased with his party—neither with their doings nor their prospects. With the third-term letter of President Grant he is much dissatisfied. It is not his opinion that General Grant, however anxious he may be for office, can be elected for the third term. So far from that, he thinks that the third term is not to be counted among the possibilities of the coming century, no matter who may seek the distinction. The Vice-President did not go so far as to name his candidate. It is evident, however, that he is in sympathy with the Trumbull and Schurz party. It is gratifying to find such a man as Vice-President Wilson, in spite of the delicacy of his position, boldly speaking out the truth that is in him. His free bold utterances will cause a flutter in some quarters. The Vice-President longs for a reunion of the Republican Party, and the gathering together into one solid body of all the scattered members. We question much whether this is now on the list of early possibilities.

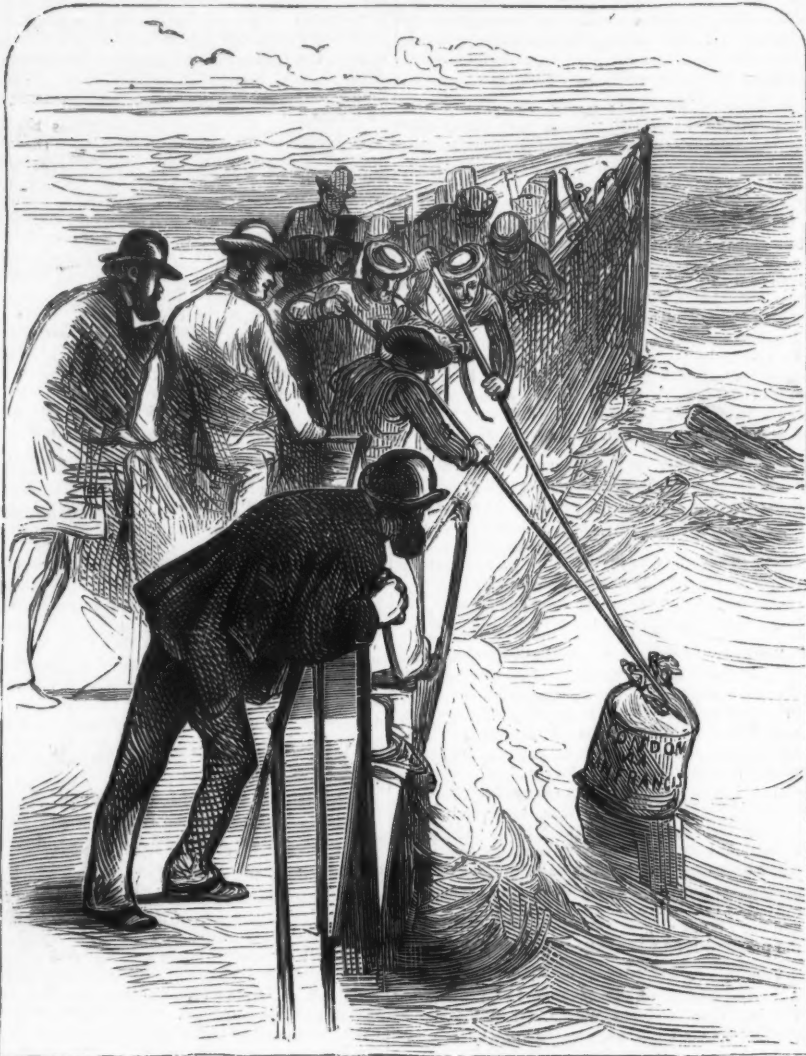
THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—The National Temperance Convention is now in session in Chicago. It is not known what good results may flow from the combined wisdom of the advocates of the cause of temperance. Pity it is that temperance advocates in the past have shown so little knowledge of the disease which they seek to cure, and so small a mastery of the means by which the cure is to be effected. In the cause of temperance much precious time has been spent, and not a little money wasted. After all these years of toil and sacrifice, what has been accomplished? Comparatively little. In many instances the friends of temperance have defeated the cause which they have so much at heart by their folly and their intolerance. Repressive legislation will never uproot the great evil of intemperance. We give the advocates of temperance all praise for good intention and indefatigable industry; but we look to this Chicago Convention for some sensible, practical suggestions which shall tend to produce a widespread conviction that the too liberal use of ardent spirits is sapping the foundation of the moral and physical health of the community. It is well to punish whisky frauds; it is well to make the Sabbath-school a temperance agent; it is well to make inquiries into the effects of strong drink, and to publish reports; but something more is needed—something more practical, tangible, direct. We await the wisdom of the Convention.

OPENING DAY AT JEROME PARK.—Saturday last was opening day at Jerome Park. The day was, as usual, looked forward to with much interest, and in many instances with high hopes. Expectation was not disappointed. The day was hot, but a gentle breeze which played all day long prevented the heat from being intolerable. The attendance, as usual, was large. The road from the city was crowded from an early hour. The Grand Stand presented a gay and animated appearance; and the grounds around the Club House looked like a fairy scene. The racing, as the racing generally is at Jerome Park, was of a high order of excellence; and the poolersellers at all appearance did a brisk trade. This year an important change has been introduced at the Jerome race-course. In previous years there were but two racing days in the week. The interval between the racing days was felt to be long; and not a few were of opinion that the interest taken in the races was in consequence con-

siderably diminished. This season, it has been arranged, there will be three racing days in the week in place of two. It is hoped that the change will work beneficially. More than two hundred horses are now stabled at Jerome Park; and as one or two first-class races may be counted upon each day, it is confidently expected that this meeting will be one of the most brilliant in the annals of the American Jockey Club. Success is the only proper reward for such enterprise; and success, we trust, will not be wanting.

THE PRESS AND THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.—We select from Republican, Democratic and Independent journals a few typical comments on President Grant's extraordinary third-term letter. Those of the Republican press are characterized by significant diversity of opinion. The Hudson (N. Y.) Star says: "We point to the President's letter with pleasure, regretting only that it was not written ten months ago." The Toledo Blade thinks that "the letter of the President will relieve the Republican Party of all embarrassment, and silence effectually the enemies who have urged against him his alleged desire for re-nomination." The Hartford Post is "glad to see that while the President has consented to speak and lay this third-term ghost once and for ever, he does not so far lose his head as to deny to the people the liberty of choice, now and in the future—a discretion of which they can be deprived only by a change of the Constitution." The Lockport (N. Y.) Journal "would have preferred that the President, when he did break silence on this question, should not only declare himself not a candidate, but that he should have put forth a principle or provided a plank for a Republican platform on which all Republicans can stand." The Utica Herald declares that "the letter of President Grant does not slay this spectre which has stalked into the politics of the United States. On the contrary, it gives to it all the tangibility, all the actual existence, and all the real strength which the President insists that it never possessed. It declares in the boldest and plainest language that the Chief Executive of the United States recognizes the existence of no law, no principle as binding, and as sacred as written law, that can intervene between him and a third occupancy of the Presidential chair. He talks about pecuniary sacrifices to become President, thus belittling the office and its duties. He questions the right of conventions to refuse a third term except by the process of a constitutional amendment. He has not worthily crowned a Presidential career which might have ended in a far different feeling towards it and him, if this question had been met promptly and had been met differently. Pennsylvania spoke none too soon. Ohio cannot now shrink from a duty which the President, as well as the people, has made imperative. New York cannot again refuse to teach the President a lesson in the fundamental law of the Republic." The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle says: "The explanation has been made, and it is not satisfactory. The third-term issue will now be regarded as squarely made. There will be Republicans for it, but the great mass of the party will be against it. So much for Republican opinion of varying shades." Now for the comments of Democratic and Independent journals. The Boston Post (Democrat) affirms that "no one who intelligently reads this letter can say that it meets the case, or deny that, according to the interpretation of common sense, it was concocted for any other purpose than to confuse it and leave the field as open as before." The New York World (Democrat) says: "The one chance he (the President) has, depends upon the public belief that he has not solicited or intrigued for a re-nomination. This letter, which purports to be a resignation, is not so in fact. The saving clause in it enables him to push these pretensions whenever he chooses, which means if and whenever he sees a possibility of success for them." The Utica Observer (Democrat) believes that "no shadowy danger menaces the Republic. We had hoped against hope that the President would be forced by the united demands of friends and foes to abandon his scheme for perpetuating his power. But he answers with insolent defiance the first authoritative utterance of a convention of his own party. He curbs his ambition by no precedent. He tramples on the unwritten law of the land. Intoxicated by success, he defies the right of any representative body to restrict by resolution his wild ambition." According to the Troy Press (Democrat), "This letter serves to confirm the allegation that Grant desires a third term. He states that he does not want it any more than he did the first term, which surely means that he wants it fully as much. Let the people only give, and he will so far sacrifice 'his feelings' as to take, contrary to his own wishes, all that he can get. It all depends now upon the people. Grant will be resigned to their unlimited generosity. Still there is little danger of Grant's being re-elected. The cloven foot was visible long ago, and the minds of the masses have been made up adversely to any project that defies the wise and safe precedent which the patriotic statesmen of the past have established." The Cincinnati Commercial (Independent) says: "It is plain that Grant has not the least scruple as to the number of terms—that he plants himself upon the Constitution as it is, and warns us that one may need more than two terms, and have imperative reasons for making the 'sacrifice' a third time—that he looks to a third term as he did to a second term, and that the time has come when his party must go for him or against him on the question of the succession." The Boston Globe (Independent) believes "that the President would like to hold the office if he could. He feels that, having lost a life-position when he left that of General of the Army, to go up higher in response to the people's demand, he ought to hold on to what he has so long as he can. Now he finds that it must go, and he is resigned to fate." The Cincinnati Enquirer (Democrat) thinks "the President could not have written a letter more palpably a bid for a re-nomination." The Courier des Etats-Unis (Impartial) infers that "until the Constitution is amended, Mr. Grant sees no reason why he should not be re-elected as often as the case allows."

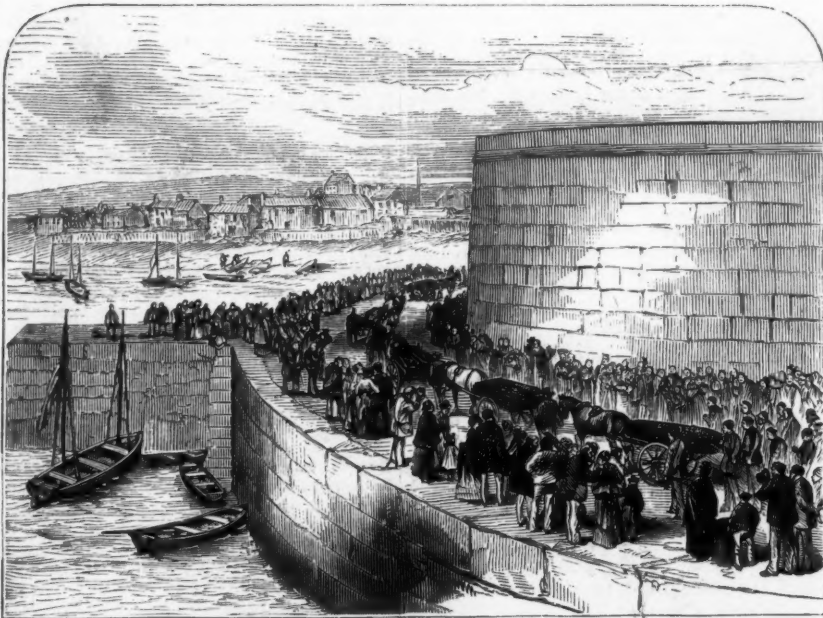
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 235.



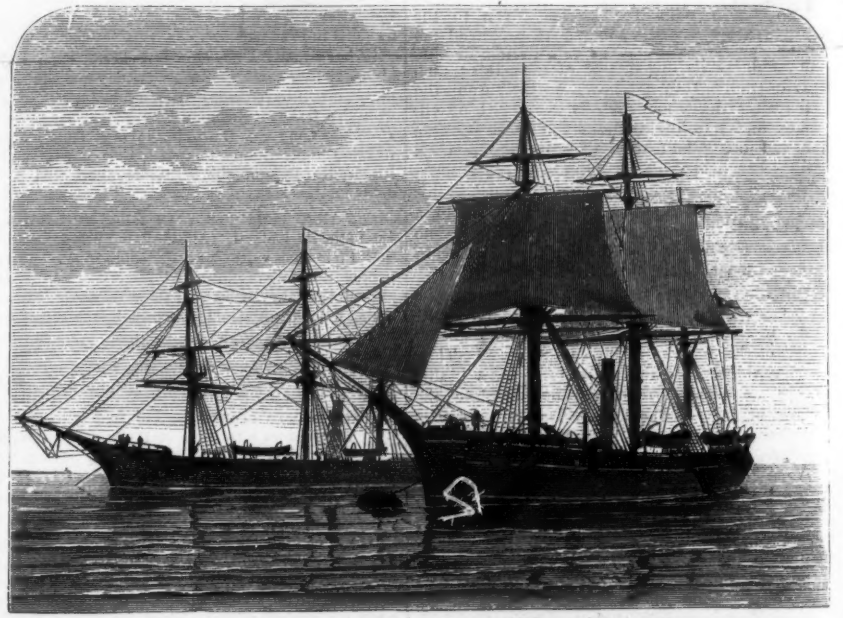
THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER."—SAVING A MAIL-BAG ON BOARD THE "QUEEN OF THE BAY," A SCILLY PACKET.



TRIESTE, AUSTRIA.—INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF MAXIMILIAN, LATE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.



THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER."—FUNERAL PROCESSION AT THE BURIAL OF THE DROWNED BROUGHT ASHORE AT ST. MARY'S, SCILLY ISLANDS.



The "Discovery." THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION. The "Alert."



ENGLAND.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LEEDS—THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVAILED AT SAVANNAH, GA.

THIS beautiful testimonial to the memory of a host of noble men who fell during the Rebellion upon the side of the South was unveiled on the 24th of May last, with ceremonies of particular interest. General Joseph E. Johnston was marshal of the large civic and military procession, assisted by General Robert H. Anderson, and the Hon. Julian Hartridge was the orator.

The monument was surrounded on three sides by the military. The Hussars and Chatham Artillery occupied the right, the First Regiment the front, and the Guards' Battalion the left; within this inclosure the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association were placed.

On the left of the monument a stand had been erected, upon which could be seen the dignified form of General Gilmer, Rev. Mr. Wynn, Hon. Julian Hartridge, Captain Mercer, of the Republican Blues, and Walter G. Charlton, of the Chatham Artillery.

Gen. Gilmer announced the proceedings opened with prayer. Rev. Mr. Wynn made a fervent appeal to the Throne of Grace, after which Hon. Julian Hartridge addressed the vast assemblage.

The monument, being unvailed, was saluted with thirteen guns by the Chatham Artillery, after which the procession was reformed, and started on the return march.

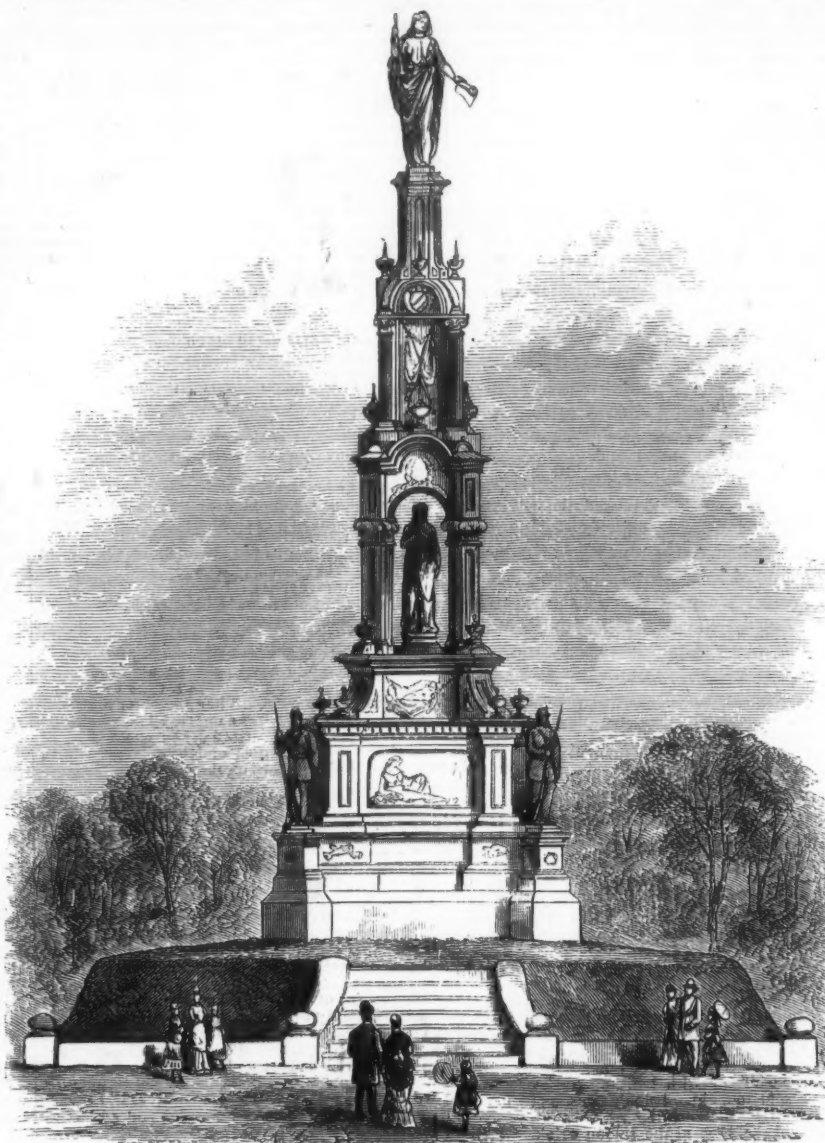
The monument stands 50 feet high, on a terrace of earthwork 8 feet above the ordinary level, giving a total height of about 58 feet. The main body is made of Nova Scotia sandstone, the figures being of Carrara marble. The earth-terrace covers an area of 40 feet square, and is surrounded with a coping made of Montreal limestone, the base of the monument being reached by a flight of steps on each face, made of the same material. The pedestals on each of the corners stand free of the monument, and each support a life-sized marble statue of a soldier on duty. The front panel on the first stage shows a life-sized female figure of the "Prostrate South." That on the right contains the following words: "To the Confederate Dead, 1861-65." On the left, the following quotation from Ezekiel: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." The back panel is without inscription. Cornices surmount the panels, enriched with urns, military trophies, etc., carved in bold relief. The next stage shows an open canopy, supported on four columns. In the centre stands a life-sized Carrara figure of "Silence"; the right hand imposing the silence, and the left holding an inverted torch, symbolical of the extinction of life. Then follows another stage of stonework, with carved columns, panels, etc., supporting a solid molded pedestal for the reception of a crowning figure, which is a colossal statue of the "Resurrection" or "Judgment." This figure is cut from a solid block of Carrara marble, is 8 feet high, and holds in the right hand a trumpet, and in the left a scroll.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, the gallant cavalry officer, who has passed through so many perilous adventures, not only on the field of battle, but in the drawing-rooms of polite society, has been captured at last. He has withstood the press, and the manoeuvres of match-making mammas, to fall a willing victim to the witchery of youth and beauty.

He had so long resisted efforts made to draw him into a matrimonial engagement, that many began to think he was so wedded to his profession that his country was to be his only bride. To the disappointment of many an anticipating maiden, and the despair of many a hopeful matron, he has at last selected his bride and his mother-in-law.

The lady upon whom his choice has fallen is Miss Irene Rucker, second daughter of General D. H.



THE MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, UNVAILED AT SAVANNAH, GA., MAY 24TH.

Rucker, Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, and at present attached to General Sheridan's staff. She is a lady of many accomplishments and considerable personal attractions. She is not half the age of the General, who is now in his forty-fourth year.

The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wabash Avenue, Chicago, on Thursday evening, June 3d. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Thomas Foley, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Chicago. Unlike many alliances wherein the parties interested occupy such prominent positions, this was one in which both of the parties have, unquestionably, been prompted by a genuine feeling of affection. The wedding was devoid of all ostentatious display.

Only a few relatives and very intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, but among those present were many of the eminent soldiers who have shared with General Sheridan the dangers of the battle-field.

The trousseau provided for Mrs. General Sheridan was very elaborate in design, although subdued in color, the opera-dress being probably the richest in the United States. The gifts were numerous and valuable and came from friends in all sections of the country. Many of the most valuable presents were from army officers.

The General has purchased a home on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and it is to be hoped that happiness and peace will cluster around the home of the sturdy hero of the Shenandoah.

THE NEW STEAMER "GERMANIC," OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

THE White Star Line of ocean steamships, sailing between this port and Liverpool, has become a great favorite with the traveling public. The *Oceanic*, which was the pioneer steamer of this line, first made its appearance in our waters in March, 1871. Her model and construction differed somewhat from the steamers we had been accustomed to, and at first caused considerable comment among parties interested in ocean navigation; but it was soon demonstrated that the innovations introduced by the builders of this steamer were decided improvements, and the White Star Line at once became popular. Since then additions have been made to the fleet, and it now numbers nine of the finest steamers that sail out of this port—the *Oceanic*, *Baltic*, *Republic*, *Adriatic*, *Celtic*, *Gaelic*, *Belgic*, *Britannic* and *Germanic*.

These vessels were all built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, and are constructed in the most substantial and elegant manner. Each steamer is divided into six water-tight compartments, by iron bulkheads extending from keelson to main deck, and in case of emergency these divisions can be flooded or pumped out at pleasure. The engines are four-cylinder, or double compound, giving additional security, in case of any accident to the machinery, over the ordinary two-cylinder or compound engine.

The comfort of first-class passengers is made a special feature by the managers. We give this week an illustration of the main-saloon, smoking-room, and promenade-deck of the steamer *Germanic* (Captain Kennedy), the latest addition to the line, which will afford a correct idea of the elegance and comfort for which these vessels are remarkable.

The *Germanic* is 470 feet in length, 45 feet in breadth, and 34 feet depth of hold. Her gross registered tonnage is 5,008. She has accommodations for 180 saloon and 1,100 steerage passengers.

One of the distinctive features of the steamers of this line is the placing of the cabins and saloons in the centre of the vessel. The old-fashioned plan is to locate the saloon, surrounded by berths, in the extreme stern, where the passengers are subjected to the full pitch of the steamer, and annoyed by the noise of the machinery. By the plan adopted on the White Star Line the most comfortable location is secured, and the noise, heat and other inconveniences arising from a close proximity to the machinery avoided. The main saloon of the *Germanic* is 52 feet 9 inches in length and 42 feet 6 inches in breadth, and has a very light and cheerful appearance. The floor is inlaid with polished oak, ebony and walnut, while white and gold and richly polished maple are introduced into the paneling. A great improvement in saloon-fitting is introduced by the substitution of revolving armchairs for the old and inconvenient settees. There is ample accommodation for dining 200 persons. An open marble fireplace has taken the place of the uninviting stove, and a well-selected bookcase and grand piano have not been omitted from the furniture of the apartment. Either as a dining, recreation or lounging-room, the saloon of the *Germanic* will satisfy the requirements of the most exacting. The ladies' saloon is a cozy little spot 19 feet by 12, and is, like the main one, upholstered in red velvet. The smoking-room is admirably fitted up for the convenience of the lovers of the weed.

The promenade deck is a lovely place to lounge away the hours on pleasant days, to watch the ever-changing sea, or mingle in the social intercourse that always brightens an ocean voyage.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

THIS is what Mary Kyle Dallas says about it: "Take a man and pin three or four large tablecloths about him, fastened back with elastic and looped up with ribbons; drag all his own hair to the middle of his head and tie it tight, and hairpin on about five pounds of other hair and a big bow of



MRS. GENERAL SHERIDAN, née RUCKER.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.

ribbon. Keep the front locks on pins all night and let them tickle his eyes all day; pinch his waist into a corset, and give him gloves a size too small and shoes ditto, and a hat that will not stay on without a torturing elastic, and a frill to tickle his chin, and a little lace veil to blind his eyes whenever he goes out to walk, and he will know what woman's dress is. My!"

A SONG.

BY A NEW WRITER.

O! I were I rich and mighty,
With store of gems and gold,
And you, a beggar at my gate,
Lay starving in the cold;
I wonder could I bear
To leave you pining there?

Or, if I were an angel,
And you an earth-born thing,
Beseeching me to touch you
In rising with my wing;
I wonder should I soar
Alone, nor heed you more?

Oh, dear, if I were only
A maiden cold and sweet,
And you an humble lover,
Sighed vainly at my feet;
I wonder if my heart
Would know no pain or smart?

GRUMP'S PET.

ON a certain day in November, 1850, there meandered into the new mining camp of Painter Bar, State of California, an individual who was instantly pronounced all voices concurring, the ugliest man in the camp. The adjective ugly was applied to the man's physiognomy alone; but time soon gave the word, as applied to him, a far wider significance. In fact, the word was not at all equal to the requirements made of it, and this was probably what influenced the prefixing of numerous adjectives, sacred and profane, to this little word of four letters.

The individual in question stated that he came from "no whar in put'tiklar," and the savage, furtive glance that shot from his hyena-like eyes seemed to plainly indicate why the land of his origin was so indefinitely located. A badly broken nose failed to soften the expression of his eyes, a long, prominent, dull-red scar divided one of his cheeks, his mustache was not heavy enough to hide a hideous hare-lip, while a ragged beard, and head of stiff, bristly red hair, formed a setting which intensified rather than embellished the peculiarities we have noted. The first settlers, who seemed quite venerable and dignified, now that the camp was nearly a fortnight old, were in the habit of extending hospitality to all newcomers until these latter could build huts for themselves, but no one hastened to invite this beauty to partake of cracker, pork and lodging-place, and he finally betook himself to the southerly side of a large rock, against which he placed a few boughs to break the wind.

The morning after his arrival, certain men missed provisions, and the ugly man was suspected, but so depressing, as one miner mildly put it, was his aspect when even looked at inquiringly, that the bravest of the boys found excuse for not asking questions of the suspected man.

"Ain't got no chum," suggested Bozen, an ex-sailor, one day, after the crowd had done considerable staring at this unpleasant object; "ain't got no chum, and a lonesome—needs cheerin' up." So Bozen philanthropically staked a new claim near the stranger, apart from the main party. The next morning found him back on his old claim, and volunteering to every one the information that "stranger's a grump—a reg'lar grump." From that time forth "Grump" was the only name by which the man was known.

Time rolled on, and in the course of a month Painter Bar was mentioned as an old camp. It had its mining rules, its saloon, blacksmith-shop and faro-bank, like the proudest camp on the Run, and one could find there judges, doctors and scribes by the dozen, besides one deacon and a dominie or two. Still, the old inhabitants kept an open eye for newcomers, and displayed an open-hearted friendliness from whose example certain Eastern cities might profit.

But on one particular afternoon the estimable reception committee was put to its wit's end. They were enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* on a rude bench in front of the saloon, when some one called attention to an unfamiliar form which leaned against a stunted tree a few rods off.

It was of a short, loose-jointed young man, who seemed so thin and lean, that Black Tom ventured the opinion that "that feller had better hold tight to the groun', ter keep from fallin' uppard." His eyes were colorless, his nose was enormous, his mouth hung wide open and then shut with a twitch as if its owner were eating flies, his chin seemed to have been entirely forgotten, and his thin hair was in color somewhere between sand and mud. As he leaned against the tree he afforded a fine opportunity for the study of acute and obtuse angles. His neck, shoulders, elbows, wrists, back, knees and feet all described angles, and even the toes of his shocking boots deflected from the horizontal in a most decided manner.

"Somebody ort to go say sumthin' to him," said the colonel, who was recognized as leader by the miners.

"Fact, colonel," replied one of the men; "but what's a feller to say to sich a meanderin' boneyard ez that? Might ask him, fur peritence sake, to take fust pick up lots in a new buryin'-ground; but then Perkins died last week, yur know."

"Say somethin', somebody," commanded the colonel, and as he spoke his eyes alighted on Slim Sam, who obediently stepped out to greet the newcomer.

"Mister," said Sam, producing a plug of tobacco, "hev a chew?"

"I don't use tobacco," languidly replied the man, and his answer was so unexpected that Sam precipitately retired.

Then Black Tom advanced, and pleasantly asked, "What's yer fav'rit game, stranger?"

"Blind man's bluff," replied the stranger.

"What's that?" inquired Tom, blushing with shame at being compelled to display ignorance about games; "anything like going it blind at poker?"

"Poker?—I don't know what that is," replied the youth.

"He's from the country," said the colonel, compassionately, "an' hean't hed the right schoolin'." Perkins continued the colonel, "he'd enjoy the cockfight at the saloon to-night—these country boys are pretty well up on roosters. Ask him, Tom."

Tom put the question, and the party, in deep disgust, heard the man reply, "No, thank you; I think it's cruel to make the poor birds hurt each other."

"Look here," said the good-natured Bozen, "the poor lubber's all gone in amidships—see how flat his breadbasket is. I say, messmate," continued Bozen, with a roar, and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "come an' splice the main-brace."

"No, thank you," answered the unreasonable stranger; "I don't drink."

The boys looked incredulously at each other, while the colonel arose and paced the front of the saloon two or three times, looking greatly puzzled. He finally stopped, and said:

"The mizzable rat isn't fit to be out uv doors, an' needs takin' keer uv. Come here, feller," called the colonel; "be kinder sociable—don't stand there a gawpin' at us ez ef we wuz a menagerie."

The youth approached slowly, stared through the crowd, and finally asked:

"Is there any one here from Pawkin Centre?"

No one responded.

"Some men went out to Californy from Pawkin Centre, and I didn't know but some of 'em was here. I come from ther' myself—my name's Mix," the youth continued.

"Meanin' no disrespect to your dad," said the colonel, "Mr. Mix, Senior, ortn't to hev let you come out here—you ain't strong enough—you'll git fever 'n ager 'fore you've washed dirt half a day."

"I ain't got no dad," replied the stranger; "leastways he run away ten years ago, an' mother had a powerful hard time since a-bringin' up the young 'uns, an' we thought I might help along a big sight if I was out here."

The colonel was not what in the States would be called a prayer-meeting man, but he looked steadily at the young man, and inwardly breathed a very earnest "God have mercy on you all." Then he came back to the more immediate present, and, looking about, asked:

"Who's got sleepin'-room for this young man?"

"I hev," quickly answered Grump, who had approached, unnoticed, while the newcomer was being interviewed.

Every one started, and Grump's countenance did not gather amiability as he sneakingly noticed the general distrust.

"Yer needn't glare like that," said he, savagely; "I sed it, an' I mean it. Come along, youngster—it's about the time I generally fry my pork."

And the two beauties walked away together, while the crowd stared in speechless astonishment.

"He won't make much out uv that boy, that's one comfort," said Black Tom, who had partially recovered from his wonder. "You ken bet yer eye-teeth that his pockets wouldn't pan out five dollars."

"Then what does he want uv him?" queried Slim Sam.

"Somethin' mean an' underhand, for certain," said the colonel, "and the boy must be pertected. And I hereby app'nt this whole crowd to keep an eye on Grump, an' see he don't make a slave of the boy, an' don't rob him of dust. An' I reckon I'll take one of yer with me, an' keep watch of the old rascal to-night. I don't trust him wuth a durn."

That night the boys at the saloon wrinkled their brows like unto an impecunious Committee of Ways and Means, as they vainly endeavored to surmise why Grump could want that young man as a lodger. Men who pursued whittling as an aid to reason made pecks of chips and shavings, and were no nearer a solution than when they began. There were a number of games played, but so great was the absentmindedness of the players, that several hardened scoundrels indulged in some most unscrupulous "stacking" of the cards without detection.

But even one of these, after having dealt himself both bowers and the king, besides two aces, suddenly imagined he had discovered Grump's motive, and so earnest was he in exposing that nefarious wretch, that one of his opponents changed hands with him. Even the barkeeper mixed the bottles badly, and on one occasion, just as the boys were raising their glasses, he metaphorically dashed the cup from their lips by a violent, "I tell you what," and an unsatisfactory theory. Finally the colonel arose.

"Boys," said he, in the tone of a man whose mind is settled, "tain't 'cos the youngster looked like lively comp'ny, fur he didn't. Tain't 'cos Grump wanted to do him a good turn, fur 'tain't his style. Cons'ently, that's sumthin' wrong. Tom, I reckon I take you along." And Tom and the colonel departed.

During the month which had elapsed since his advent, Grump had managed to build him a hut of the usual mining pattern, and the colonel and Tom stealthily examined its walls, front and rear, until they found crevices which would admit the muzzle of a revolver, if it should be necessary. Then they applied their eyes to the same cracks, and saw the youth asleep on a pile of dead grass, with Grump's knapsack for a pillow, and one of Grump's blankets over him. Grump himself was sitting on a fragment of stone, staring into the fire, with his face in his hands.

He sat so long that the worthy colonel began to feel indignant: to sit in a cramped position on the outside of a house, for the sake of abused human nature, was an action more praiseworthy than comfortable, and the colonel began to feel personally aggrieved at Grump's delay. Besides, the colonel was growing thirsty.

Suddenly Grump arose, looked down at the sleeping youth, and then knelt beside him. The colonel briskly brought his pistol to bear on him, and with great satisfaction noted that Tom's muzzle occupied a crack in the front walls, and that he himself was out of range.

A slight tremor seemed to run through the sleeper; "and no wonder," said the colonel, when he recounted the adventure to the boys; "anybody'd shiver to hev that catamount glarin' at him."

Grump arose, and softly went to a corner which was hidden by the chimney.

"Gone fur his knife, I'll bet," whispered the colonel to himself. "I hope Tom don't spile my mad by firin' fust."

Grump returned to view; but instead of a knife, he bore another blanket, which he gently spread over his sleeping guest, then he lay down beside Mix with a log of wood for a pillow.

The colonel withdrew his pistol, and softly muttered to himself a dozen or two enormous oaths; then he arose, straightened out his cramped legs, and started to find Tom. That worthy had started on a similar errand, and on meeting, the two stared at each other in the moonlight as blankly as a couple of well-preserved mummies.

"S'pose the boys 'll believe us?" whispered the colonel.

"We ken bring 'em down to see the show themselves, ef they don't," replied Tom.

The colonel's report was productive of the choicest assortment of ejaculations that had been heard in camp since Natchez, the leader of the Vinegar Gulch Boys, joined the church and commenced preaching.

The good-natured Bozen was for drinking Grump's health at once, but the colonel demurred. So did Slim Sam.

"He's goin' to make him work on sheers, or some hocus-pocusin' arrangement, an' he can't afford to hev him git sick—that's what his kindness amounts to," said Sam.

"Ur go fur his gratitude—an' dust, when he gits any," suggested another, and no one repelled the insinuation.

It was evident, however, that there was but little chance of either inquest or funeral from Grump's, and the crowd finally dispersed with the confirmed assurance that there would be one steady cause of excitement for some time to come.

Next morning young Mix staked a claim adjoining Grump. The colonel led him aside, bound him to secrecy, and told him that there was far richer dirt further down the stream. The young man pointed towards the hut, and replied:

"He sed 'twas payin' dirt, an' I ort to take his advice, seein' he giv me a pick an' shovel an' pan—sed he'd hev to git new ones anyhow."

"Thunder!" ejaculated the colonel, more puzzled than ever, knowing well how a miner will cling as long as possible to tools with which he is acquainted.

"Jest wait till that boy gits a bag of dust," said a miner, when the colonel had narrated the second wonder. "The express agent 'll be here next week to git what fellers wants to send to their folks—the boy 'll want to send some to his'n—his bag 'll be missin' 'bout then—jest wait, and ef my words don't come true, call me greaser."

The colonel pondered over this prophecy, and finally determined on another vigil outside Grump's hut.

Meanwhile, Grump's Pet, as Mix had been nicknamed, afforded the camp a great deal of amusement. He was not at all reserved, and he was easily drawn out on the subject of his protector, of whom he spoke in terms of unmeasured praise.

"By the pipper that played before Moses," said one of the boys one day, "ef half that boy sez is true, some day Grump 'll hev wings sprout through his shirt, an' 'll be sittin' on the sharp edge uv a cloud an' playin' onto a harp, jist like the other angels."

As for Grump himself, he improved so much that suspicion was half disarmed when one looked at him; nevertheless the colonel deemed it prudent to watch the Pet's landlord on the night preceding the express day.

The colonel timed himself by counting the games of old sledge that were played. At the end of the sixth game after dark he made his way to Grump's hut and quietly located himself at the same crack as before.

The pet and his friend were both lying down, but by the light of the fire the colonel could see the eyes of the former were closed, while those of the latter were wide open. The moments flew by, and still the two men remained in the same positions, the pet apparently fast asleep, and Grump wide awake.

The interior of a miner's hut, though displaying great originality of design, and ingenious artistic effects, becomes after a time rather a tiresome object of contemplation. The colonel found it so, and he relieved his strained eyes by an occasional amateur astronomical observation. On turning his head, with a yawn, from one of these, he saw inside the hut a state of affairs which caused him to feel hurriedly for his pistol.

Grump had risen on one elbow, and was stealthily feeling with his other hand under the Pet's head.

"Ha!" thought the colonel; "right at last!"

Slowly Grump's hand emerged from beneath the Pet's head, and with it came a leather bag containing gold dust.

The colonel drew a perfect bead on Grump's temple. "Durn jest what ill you've stamin' that away, my golden-haired beauty," said the colonel, within himself, "an' then we'll see what cold lead's got to say about it."

Grump untied the bag, set it upon his own pillow, drew forth his own pouch, and untied it: the colonel's aim remained true to its unconscious mark.

"Ef that's the game," continued the colonel, to himself, "I reckon the proper time to play my trump is just when you're a-pourin' from his bag into yur'n. It 'll be ez good's a theatre, to bring the boys up to see how 'twas done. Lord! I wish he'd hurry up!"

Grump placed a hand on each bag, and the colonel felt for his trigger. Grump's left hand opened wide the mouth of Pet's bag, and his right hand raised his own; in a moment he had poured out all his own gold into Pet's bag, tied it, and replaced it under Pet's head.

The colonel retired quietly for a hundred yards, or more, then he started for the saloon like a man inspired by a three-days' thirst. As he entered the saloon the crowd arose.

"Any feller ken say I lie," meekly spoke the colonel, "an' I won't shoot. I wouldn't believe it ef I hedn't seen it with my own eyes. Grump's poured all his dust into the Pet's pouch!"

The whole party, in chorus, condemned their optical organs to supernatural warmth; some, more energetic than the rest, signified that the operation should extend to their lungs and lives. But the doubter of the party again spoke:

"Mind yer," said he, "to-morrow he'll be complainin' that the Pet stole it, and then he'll claim all in the Pet's pouch."

The colonel looked doubtful; several voices expressed dissent; Bozen, reviving his proposition to drink to Grump, found opinion about equally balanced, but conservative. It was agreed, however, that all the boys should "hang around" the express agent next day, and should, if Grump made the Pet any trouble, dispose of him promptly, and give the Pet a clear title to all of Grump's rights and properties.

The agent came, and one by one the boys deposited their dust, saw it weighed and took their receipts. Presently there was a stir near the door, and Grump and Pet entered. Pet's gold was weighed, his mother's name given, and a receipt tendered.

"Think he's goin' to hev conviction in writin'," whispered the doubter to the colonel.

But the agent finished his business, took the stage and departed. Grump started to the door to see the last of it. The doubter was there before him, and saw a big tear in the corner of each of Grump's eyes.

A few days later Grump went to Placerville for a new pick for the Pet—the old one was too heavy for a light man, Grump said. Pet himself felt rather lonesome working on his neigh' or's claim, so he sauntered down the creek, and got a kind word from almost every man. His ridiculous anatomy had escaped the grave so long, he was so industrious and so inoffensive, that the boys began to have a sort of affection for the boy who had come so far to "help the folks." Finally, some weak miner, unable to hold the open secret any longer, told the Pet about Grump's operation in dust. Great was the astonishment of the young man, and puzzling miners gained sympathy from the weak eyes and open mouth of the Pet, as he meandered homeward, evidently as much at a loss as themselves.

Unlucky was the spirit which prompted Grump in the selection of his claim! It was just beyond a small bend which the Run made, and was, therefore, out of sight of the claims of the

other men belonging to the camp. And it came to pass that while Pet was standing on his own claim, leaning on his spade, and puzzling his feeble brain, there came down the Run the great Broady, chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers, who were working several miles above. Mr. Broady had found a nugget a few days before, and, in his exultation, had ceased work and become a regular member of the bar. A week's industrious drinking developed in him that peculiar amiability and humanity which is characteristic of cheap whisky, and as Pet was small, ugly and alone, Broady commenced working off on him his own superfluous energy. Poor Pet's resistance only increased the fury of Broady, and the family at Pawkin Centre seemed in imminent danger of being supported by the town, when suddenly a pair of enormous, stubby hands seized Broady by the throat, and a harsh voice, which Pet joyfully recognized as Grump's exclaimed:

"Let him go, or I'll tear yer into mince-meat, curse yer!"

The chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers was not in the habit of obeying orders, but Grump's hands imparted to his command considerable moral force. No sooner, however, had Broady extricated himself from Grump's grasp than he drew his revolver and fired. Grump fell, and the chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers, his injured dignity made whole, walked peacefully away.

The sound of the shot brought up all the boys from below.

"They've fit!" gasped the doubter, catching his breath as he ran, "an' the boy—boy's hed to—lay him out."

It seemed as if the doubter might be right, for the boys found Grump lying on the ground bleeding badly, and the Pet on his hands and knees.

"How did it come 'bout?" asked the colonel of Pet.

"Broady done it," replied Grump, in a hoarse whisper; "he pounded the boy, and I tackled him—then he fired."

The doubter went around and raised the dying man's head. Pet seemed collecting all his energies for some great effort; finally he asked:

"What made you pour your dust into my pouch?"

"Cause," whispered the dying man, putting one arm about Pet's neck, and drawing him closer, "'cause I'm yer dad; give this to yer mar," and on Pet's homely face the ugliest man at Painter Bar put the first token of human affection ever displayed in that neighborhood.

The arm relaxed its grasp and fell loosely, and the red eyes closed. The experienced colonel gazed into the upturned face, and gently said:

"Pet, yer an orphan."

Reverentially the boys carried the dead man into his own hut. Several men dug a grave beside that of Perkins, while the colonel and doubter acted as undertakers, the latter donating his only white shirt for a shroud. This duty done, they went to the saloon, and the doubter called up the crowd. The glasses filled, the doubter raised his own, and exclaimed:

"Boys, here's corpse—corpse is the best-looking man in camp."

And so he was. For the first time in his wretched life his soul had reached his face, and the Judge mercifully took him while he was yet in His own image.

The body was placed in a rude coffin, and borne to the grave on a litter of spades, followed by every man in camp, the colonel supporting the only family mourner. Each man threw a shovelful of dirt on the coffin before the filling began. As the last of the surface of the coffin disappeared from view, Pet raised a loud cry and wept bitterly, at which operation he was joined by the whole party.

THE FOOD OF GREAT MEN.

CHARLES V. was an enormous eater. We are told that "he breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was perhaps the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labors" (Mottley, "Rise of the Dutch Republic"). After all, Charles died at an age—about fifty-eight—at which we are accustomed in these days to consider a statesman as still in the prime of life. The love of pastry appears to have been hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. Philip II., the same historian tells us, "looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed and even suffering in manner. Th's was ascribed partly to . . . habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry." Philip ordering an *auto-da-fé* after a meal of gooseberry-tart, which had disagreed with him, is a subject for an historical picture. Frederick the Great is another illustration of the rule. Though he could dine on a cup of chocolate in war time, he loved good eating and drinking, and undoubtedly hastened his death by refusing to conform in any way to proper rules of diet. "The king," wrote Mirabeau, who was in Berlin at the time, "eats every day of ten or twelve dishes at dinner, each very highly seasoned; besides, at breakfast and supper, bread and butter covered with salted tongue and pepper. We are at the last scene." No wonder. A short time before a gentleman dined with Frederick, when an eel-pie was brought to table which he declared was so hot "that it looked as if it had been baked in hell." The king was immoderately fond of these eel-pies, peppered to excess. But about six weeks before his death we have the record of a breakfast such as a sick man has rarely eaten. Our authority is again Mirabeau. "On the 4th of July, when the doctor," the celebrated Zimmerman from Hanover, "saw the king in the afternoon, all had again changed for the worse. He had applied himself to public business from half-past three in the morning till seven. He then ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats, composed of sugar, white of eggs, and sour cream; then strawberries, cherries and cold meat." Frederick's illness was dropsy. He died on the 17th of August, 1766. Every schoolboy will remember the parallel of the English king who died through eating too many lampreys. King John, too, is said to have died of a surfeit of peaches and new ale. The verdict of modern epicures will probably be, "Serve him right."

Most of the English kings, we suspect, were fair trencher-men, as most of them were also men of ability. There is a curious anecdote of Henry VII. bearing on this subject. The king had been out hunting in the neighborhood of Windsor. His eagerness in the pursuit of the chase had carried him out of sight and hearing of his retinue. Night was falling: return to the castle that day was impossible, for close at hand lay the abbey of Reading. Thither accordingly the king turned his steps. His habit was simple, and the good monks took him for one of the royal foresters, whilst Henry, for reasons of

his own, did not care to deceive them. He was hospitably entertained, and the lord abbot looked on with an approving smile at the hearty performance of his guest. At last he said: "Truly I would give his grace your master the half of my revenues for so good an appetite." Three days passed, the abbot was suddenly arrested in the king's name, and hurried to the Tower, where a diet of bread and water was assigned him. The end of the story may be imagined. Before a month was over the abbot had recovered an excellent appetite for beef and beer. But the tale is obviously apocryphal. Even a Tudor could not have arrested a mitred abbot in this summary fashion. From Henry VIII.'s picture we may safely infer that his appetite was not bad. Descending to the Stuarts, we find that Henrietta Maria, at her first banquet in England, eating pheasant on Friday, notwithstanding the signs and even open remonstrances of her French confessor. Poor girl! she was scarcely seventeen, and the sea-passage had probably given her an appetite. Her estimable son, King Charles II. of glorious memory, delighted in eggs and ambergis, of which we may hope he partook of moderately. His death was supposed by some to have been occasioned by poison administered in this his favorite dish. William III., the savior of English liberties, both ate and drank more than was good for him. He loved to sit many hours at table; indeed, dinner was his chief recreation. Nothing must interfere with his enjoyment; the Princess Anne might look wistfully at that dish of young peas, but she looked in vain for the king ate them all, and never even offered her a spoonful. She revenged herself by calling the deliverer "Caliban."

MASONIC JUBILEE IN NEW YORK.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW TEMPLE.

THE formal dedication of the Masonic Temple on Wednesday, June 2d, was one of the most important events in the history of Masonry in America. The procession on that occasion was probably the largest parade of the kind ever witnessed in this country. About twenty-six thousand Masons were in line, including many lodges and commanderies from other cities. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brightly, but not too hotly. The handsome uniforms of the Knights Templar, their flashing sword-blades, glittering decorations and waving plumes were the most attractive feature of the display; but the columns of the plainly attired lodges, interspersed with the gayly uniformed bands, and the whole relieved by the many colored banners, flags and devices carried in the line, also made a very impressive and imposing appearance. The column was formed at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and moved at 9 o'clock a.m., passing over a route extending as far south as Canal Street and north to Thirty-fourth Street, thence down Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, and along Twenty-third Street to the Temple at the corner of Sixth Avenue.

The procession arrived at the Temple about one o'clock, when the Grand Lodge, headed by R. W. Elwood E. Thorne, Grand Master, preceded by Chief Marshal R. W. Charles Roome, entered the building, and the Grand Lodge officers, besides a limited number of others, took seats, filling the elegant Grand Lodge chamber comfortably, and with impressive ceremonies the building was formally dedicated to Freemasonry, Virtue and Universal Benevolence. Our illustration shows the Grand Lodge, headed by the Grand Pursuivant, followed by the Grand Tyler, Grand Sword-bearer and other officers, passing in procession round the lodge-room during the ceremonies.

The project of erecting a grand Masonic Temple in this city was originated many years ago, and the Grand Lodge, in 1843, started a fund known as the Hall and Asylum Fund, which, from a small beginning, had through careful investment and fortunate operations in real estate, reached, in 1869, the sum of \$334,729. The trustees then purchased for the sum of \$340,000 six lots fronting 141 feet on Twenty-third Street and 98.9 feet on Sixth Avenue, upon which the present Temple is erected. At its regular June convocation in that year (1869) the Grand Lodge directed that the work of building should be commenced at once. On June 8th, 1870, the corner-stone of the present building was laid with due Masonic ceremony, and on October 4th, 1872, the copestone was put in place. Ever since that time the work of interior completion has been pushed forward as rapidly as possible, until at length it was announced as finished in all its parts, and ready for dedication. The building was erected at a cost of over one million dollars, and is an ornament to the city, and a noble monument to the enterprise of the charitable organization that erected it.

THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

IF we could trace back the line of Hazlitt's ancestry, we should expect to find that, by some freak of fortune, one of the rigid old Puritans had married a descendant of some great Flemish or Italian painter. Love of graceful forms and bright coloring and voluptuous sensations had been transmitted to their descendants, though hitherto repressed by the stern discipline of British nonconformity. As the discipline relaxed, the Hazlitts reverted to the ancestral type. Hazlitt himself, his brother and his sister, were painters by instinct. The brother became a painter of miniatures by profession; and Hazlitt to the end of his days revered Titian almost as much as he revered his great idol Napoleon. An odd pair of idols, one thinks, for a youth brought up upon Pripacovius and his brethren! A keen delight in all artistic and natural beauty was an awkward endowment for a youth intended for the ministry. Keats was scarcely more out of place in a surgery than Hazlitt would have been in a Unitarian pulpit of those days, and yet from that pulpit, oddly enough, came the greatest impulse to his development. It came from a man who, like Hazlitt himself, though in a higher degree than Hazlitt, combined the artistic and the philosophic temperament. Coleridge, as Hazlitt somewhere says, threw a great stone into the standing pool of contemporary thought; and it was in January, 1798—one of the many dates in his personal history to which he recurs with unceasing fondness—that Hazlitt rose before daylight and walked ten miles in the mud to hear Coleridge preach. He has told, in his graphic manner, how the voice of the preacher "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes"; how he launched into his subject, in giving out the text, "like an eagle dallying with the wind"; and how his young hearer seemed to be listening to the music of the spheres, to see the union of poetry and philosophy and of truth and genius embracing under the eye of religion. This description of the youthful Coleridge has a pendant in the wonderful description of the full-blown philosopher in Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Stirling"; where, indeed, one or two touches are taken from Hazlitt's Essays. It is Hazlitt who remarked, even at this early meeting, that the dreamy poet philosopher could never decide on which side of the

footpath he should walk; and Hazlitt who struck out the epigram that Coleridge was an excellent talker if allowed to start from no premises and come to no conclusion. The glamour of Coleridge's theosophy never seems to have fascinated Hazlitt's stubborn intellect. At this time, indeed, Coleridge had not yet been inoculated with German mysticism. In after years, the disciple, according to his custom, renounced his master and assailed him with half-regretful anger. But the intercourse and kindly encouragement of so eminent a man seems to have roused Hazlitt's ambition. His poetical and his speculative intellect were equally stirred. The youth was already longing to write a philosophical treatise. The two elements of his nature thus roused to action led him along a "strange diagonal." He would be at once a painter and a metaphysician. Some eight years of artistic labor convinced him that he could not be a Titian or a Raphael, and he declined to be a mere Hazlitt junior. His metaphysical studies, on the contrary, convinced him that he might be a Hume or a Berkeley; but unluckily they convinced himself alone. The tiny volume which contained their results was neglected by everybody but the author, who, to the end of his days, loved it with the love of a mother for a deformed child. It is written, to say the truth, in a painful and obscure style; it is the work of a man who has brooded over his own thoughts in solitude till he cannot appreciate the need of a clear exposition. The narrowness of his reading had left him in ignorance of the new aspects under which the eternal problems were presenting themselves to the new generation; and a metaphysical discussion in antiquated phraseology is as useless as a lady's dress in the last year's fashion. Hazlitt, in spite of this double failure, does not seem to have been much disturbed by impetuosity; but the most determined Bohemian has to live. For some years he strayed about the purlieus of literature, drudging, translating and doing other cobbler's work. Two of his performances, however, were characteristic; he wrote an attack upon Malthus and he made an imprudent marriage. Even Malthusians must admit that imprudent marriages may have some accidental good consequences. When a man has fairly got his back to the wall, he is forced to fight; and Hazlitt, at the age of thirty-four, with a wife and son, at last discovered the great secret of the literary profession, that a clever man can write when he has to write or starve. To compose had been labor and grief to him, so long as he could potter round a thought indefinitely; but with the printer's devil on one side and the demands of a family on the other, his ink began to flow freely, and during the last sixteen or seventeen years of his life he became a voluminous though fragmentary author. Several volumes of essays, lectures, and criticisms, besides his more ambitious "Life of Napoleon," and a great deal of anonymous writing, attest his industry. He died in 1830, at the age of fifty-two; leaving enough to show that he could have done more, and a good deal of rare, if not the highest kind of, excellence.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON argues that it is inconsistent and unfair to legislate against vivisection, unless we are prepared to invoke the assistance of the law against other—and in his opinion worse—forms of animal torture, to which at present no penalty attaches. Thousands of worms are daily impaled on fishermen's hooks; crabs and lobsters are boiled alive; partridges and rabbits creep away maimed from sportsmen's guns—yet nobody, except, perhaps, such thoroughgoing logicians as Mr. E. A. Freeman, demands that the law should interfere to stop these undeniable cruelties. There is, at first sight, much apparent force in Sir Henry Thompson's argument, but he does not make sufficient allowance for the imperfection of human nature, which causes its laws and regulations to be based on principles of compromise and expediency rather than of abstract justice. At some future time, when Mr. Freeman's ideas concerning the killing of animals in the pursuit of what is known as "sport," gain wider acceptance than at present, it may be feasible to enact laws against the cruel practices of fishermen and sportsmen, but in the present state of public opinion the attempt would be futile. Still, within the last half-century the law has done something to enforce the lesson that the brute creation is to be treated humanely, and there can be little doubt that cattle and horses, dogs and cats are better treated than they were, partly from the fear of the penalty which attaches to a breach of the law, partly because inhumanity seems more disgraceful when it is illegal. It follows, therefore, that although in the present state of public sentiment we cannot prevent all cruelty, we certainly may endeavor to prevent some kinds of cruelty. Vivisection is an exceptional form of animal torture, and may therefore fairly be dealt with by exceptional legislation. Owing to the spread of scientific research, the practice has increased much of late years, and although without doubt there are circumstances under which it is justifiable, there are other circumstances under which it is unnecessary. In order to trace the progress of some obscure disease or injury, with the view of transferring the knowledge thus acquired to the alleviation of human suffering, vivisection may be of high value, but it cannot be necessary to cut up animals alive in order to demonstrate to a class of young students physiological facts which are beyond dispute. We are unable, therefore, to avoid the conclusion that a cautious, well-considered enactment on the subject will tend to purge the practice of vivisection of certain abuses which are not essential to its legitimate pursuit.

HINDOO PRAYER-MILLS.

AT Jangi, says a recent traveler in the Himalayan regions, there was a beautiful camping-place, between some great rocks and under some very fine walnut and gneiss (edible pine) trees. The village close by, though small, had all the marks of moderate affluence, and had a Hindoo, as well as a Lama, temple, the former religion hardly extending any further into the Himalaya, though one of two outlying villages beyond belong to it. Both at Pangay and Rarang I had found the ordinary prayer-wheel used—a brass or bronze cylinder, about six inches long, and two or three in diameter, containing a long scroll of paper, on which were written innumerable repetitions of the Lama prayer—"Om ma nipad ma houm"—and which is turned from left to right in the monk's hand by means of an axle which passes through its centre. But in the Lama temple at Jangi I found a still more powerful piece of devotional machinery, in the shape of a gigantic prayer-mill made of bronze, about seven or eight feet in diameter, and which might be turned either by the hand or by a rill of water which could be made to fall upon it when water was in abundance. This prayer contained I am afraid to say how many millions of repetitions of the great Lama prayer; and the pious Ritualists of Jangi were justly proud of it, and of the eternal advantages which it gave them over their carnal

and spiritually indifferent neighbors. The neophyte who showed the prayer-mill to me turned it with ease, and allowed me to send up a million prayers.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK OF THE STEAMER "SCHILLER," May 7th, caused the loss of three hundred and twelve lives, and it continues to supply foreign pictorial papers with illustrations. We reproduce a view of the *Queen of the Bay*, a Scilly packet, taking up one of the Australian or New Zealand mail-bags adrift from the wreck, and a view of the funeral procession at the burial of the drowned brought ashore in the Scilly Isles. One funeral had already taken place—that of Mrs. Leo West—before this joint funeral of the remainder of the victims. It is thus described by an eye-witness: "It was an impressive spectacle. There was about the little capital of the Isle, Hugh Town, a dreary aspect of desolation and loneliness. The little streets were empty, and the shops closed. There was but one place of congregation, and one purpose for all the inhabitants. There were no trappings of woe, not a single sign of mourning except the black-painted coffins. The islanders have no hearses, no mourning coaches, and to carry thirty-seven bodies at one funeral would have been more than the limited male population of the island could manage; yet no one could look upon the scene unmoved. For hearses there were the little two-wheeled island carts, drawn by the little shaggy island ponies, some of the carts being too small to take two bodies. Each horse was led by its driver, and the cortege proceeded slowly in Indian file on its way. It was an humble but touching token of the feeling hearts of the islanders that there was scarcely a coffin that was not bestrewn with flowers. It mattered not that the bodies were all unknown. Death was before the islanders in that dread shape which they know but too well, and they paid it all the respect in their power. One of the saddest sights in the procession was that of a husband, heartbroken and desolate, walking feebly behind the carts which contained the remains of his wife and little child. A few more carts, and then came another surrounded by a group of young men who wore the insignia of the Order of Good Templars. On the body that lay within that coffin was found a card which showed that the deceased belonged to that Order. The Good Templars of Scilly had never seen their brother in life, but they acknowledged the brotherhood. The carts were drawn by all kinds of horses—gray, black and brown. At length the long line came to an end, and then followed the mourners. These comprised nearly all the inhabitants of the island. The interment took place in the little stone-walled island churchyard, near the old town, the former capital of the island."

THE INAUGURATION OF A MONUMENT TO MAXIMILIAN, the late unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, took place at Trieste, Austria, on May 3d. The project of erecting this monument was formed eight years ago, when, under the authorization and protection of the Emperor of Austria, a subscription for the purpose was opened as soon as the news of the drama of Queretaro reached Europe.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The two ships of the Royal Navy, equipped for the scientific expedition which goes forth under the chief command of Captain G. S. Nares, Royal Navy, to attempt the discovery of the North Pole, by way of Smith's Sound from Baffin's Bay, were announced to start from Portsmouth, England, on Saturday, May 29th. These ships are H. M. S. *Alert*, a screw steamer, formerly rated as a five-gun sloop; and H. M. S. *Discovery*, screw steamer, which has lately been purchased for the service from private owners, and has received her present name instead of the *Blood-hound*. Both vessels have been inspected by thousands of visitors, while lying at Portsmouth. They are represented in the cut as they appeared on leaving the dock.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH formally opened the Yorkshire Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures on Thursday, May 13th, which was made a general holiday in Leeds. On his return, after the ceremony, to Avenue House, the residence of the Mayor, the Duke passed Woodhouse Moor, where were assembled 35,000 Sunday-school children who arose *en masse*, on his approach, and sang the National Anthem with sweet and tuneful voices. Each of these little ones wore a medal commemorative of the event, which had been presented to them by the Mayor of Leeds, Mr. Henry Rowland Marsden.

FUN.

A GOOD floor manager—A broom.
A LEGAL tender—A lawyer minding his baby.
A BOARDING establishment—A carpenter's shop.
PIECE-MAKERS—Steam, gunpowder and nitro-glycerine.
A PRIZE of \$50 has been offered in Memphis for the homeliest baby. The victorious mother will be apt to carry off the prize and leave the baby.
A REVIEWER defines a real poet as "a singer whose verses haunt your twilights." This definition is undeniably a good one, and, if accepted, at once places the mosquito in the front rank.
A SMALL boy in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words, "Take one," from a lot of handbills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.
HE held the old shirt up by the neck before discarding it for ever, but he wasn't mourning for the garment. He only said, "I wish I had all the drinks again that have gone through that old neck-band."
HE leaned on the fence pouring out warm vows of love and admiration to the lovely being on the other side. It was dark. We could not see her face; but she said: "Pray desist. You are too vacillating. Only a week ago you told the same story three doors below here." They parted.

"WHAT'S this crowd around here for?" demanded a policeman the other night as he came upon a dozen boys grouped near the gate of a house on Second Street. "Keep still," replied one of the lads; "there comes old John, tight as a brick, and we're waiting here to see his wife pop him with the rolling-pin as he opens the front door."

AN obliging gentleman, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to by a colored man for a certificate of character by which he might get a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected; and that worthy, on recovering from his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. —, won't you gib me someding to do yerself on dat recommendation?"

ON the ferry-boat *Geisse* (says a Vicksburg contemporary), were an old couple from Louisiana, coming to visit friends in this city. The old gentleman was walking around, despite his wife's predictions that something would happen to him, and he suddenly found himself in the river. She heard his yell and caught sight of him, and leaning over the rail she shouted: "There, Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for it's mighty onartin, Samuel, whether you'll land in Vicksburg or eternity." Thanks to a ready rope and a strong arm, he landed at this way station.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

IN the suit against the Union Pacific Railroad the United States Court of Claims decided against the Government. . . . President Grant's evasive letter on the Third Term question was published. . . . The annual examination at the West Point Academy was held last week. . . . H. G. Cameron, of the Trinity College rowing crew, was drowned while practicing. . . . The Masonic Temple at New York was dedicated June 2d. . . . C. P. Leslie, a member of the South Carolina Legislature charged with defrauding the State when Land Commissioner, is said to have fled to avoid arrest. . . . The State Republican Convention of Ohio met at Columbus, and nominated ex-Governor R. B. Hayes for Governor. . . . Under the new Education Law the Superintendent of Truancy reported to the New York Board of Education that there were 107,057 children between the ages of eight and fourteen in the city. . . . The rowing clubs of Yale College held their annual Spring regatta at Lake Saltonstall. . . . On the 2d, the New Hampshire Legislature organized, and owing to the difficulty about the two Democratic Senators whom the Governor and Council counted in, the Republican members succeeded. . . . The Rev. E. H. Capen, D.D., was installed President of Tufts College, on the 2d. . . . James H. Eccleston, D.D., was elected to succeed Bishop Lee in the Diocese of Iowa. . . . Charles H. Landis, who shot Uri Carruth, the Vineland (N. J.) editor, was admitted to bail in the sum of \$50,000. . . . Carl Vogt, the alleged murderer of the Chevalier de Blanc in Brussels, over three years ago, was sent to Belgium under the Extradition Treaty. . . . The miners' strike in Pennsylvania is deemed broken, as the men are seeking work at the old rates and the Union is disbanded. . . . In the Civil Rights test case in Galveston, Tex., in the United States District Court, the judge ruled the law to be unconstitutional, and sustained the demurrer. . . . The Right Rev. James A. Healey was consecrated Catholic Bishop of Portland, Me., on the 2d. . . . A report from Wyoming Territory says the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians have taken the war-path. . . . A disastrous rain and wind-swept over Indiana on the 1st and 2d. . . . The striking miners invaded Mahanoy City and Shenandoah, Pa., on the 3d, attacked the Sheriff's posse, but were repulsed. . . . An appeal to the Superior Court for an opinion upon the decision of the Governor and Council of New Hampshire was made by the Democratic and Republican Senators. . . . The Attorney-General of New York brought two suits against Peter B. Sweeney and his brother to recover over \$7,000,000. . . . A report censuring Comptroller Green and demanding of the Mayor his removal was passed the Board of Aldermen of New York city.

FOREIGN.

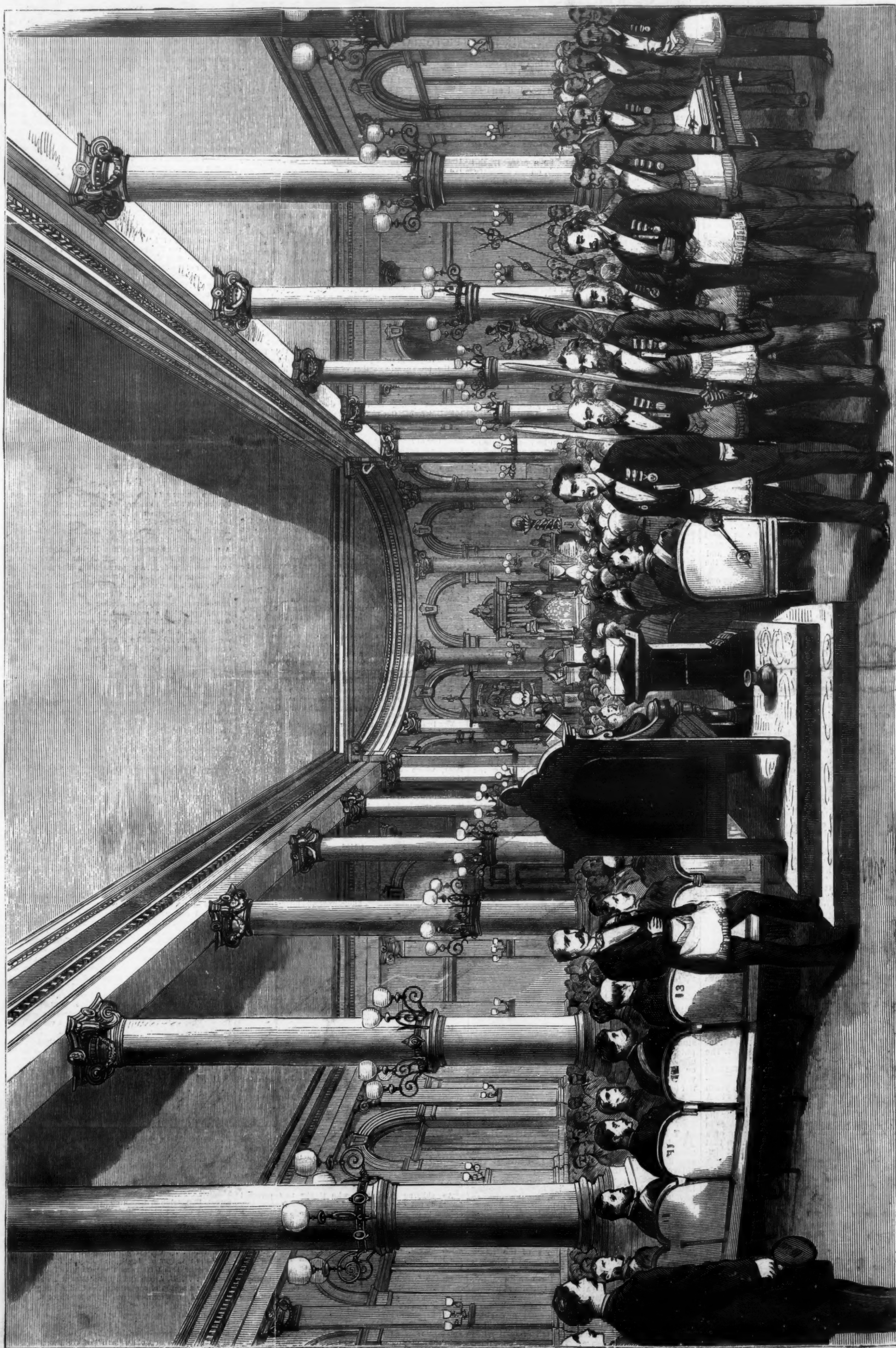
LORD DERBY said the dispute between Germany and France was likely to recur, and that England had made no political engagements. . . . An agreement was reached between Russia and England respecting Central Asia. . . . Hereafter the British House of Commons shall decide whether strangers in the galleries shall be removed. . . . A rather singular dispatch from Berlin denies that the idea of asking France to discontinue her armament was ever entertained. . . . An investigation into the loss of the *Schiller* was begun in Greenwich, and the German authorities announced that they would not waive the right to hold another. . . . A deputation of the British Anti-Slavery Society, comprising members of Parliament, presented a memorial to Lord Derby, urging Government to take friendly steps to bring about a termination of the war in Cuba, and an emancipation of the slaves. . . . The Duke d'Audiffert-Pasquier was re-elected President of the French Assembly. . . . A workman's mass meeting was held in London to express sympathy for strikers who had been recently imprisoned. . . . The International Telegraph Conference was opened at St. Petersburg on the 2d. . . . A Spanish official circular announced that the insurgent General Gomez had retired beyond the trocha in Cuba. . . . The Governor of Algeria has determined to institute periodical fairs in the chief oases of the Sahara. . . . The coast of China was visited by a cyclone, during which many vessels were wrecked. . . . It is thought that the condition of affairs between England and Burmah is such that a peaceful settlement is impossible. . . . A rumor was current in Havana that Captain-General Valmaseda had resigned.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

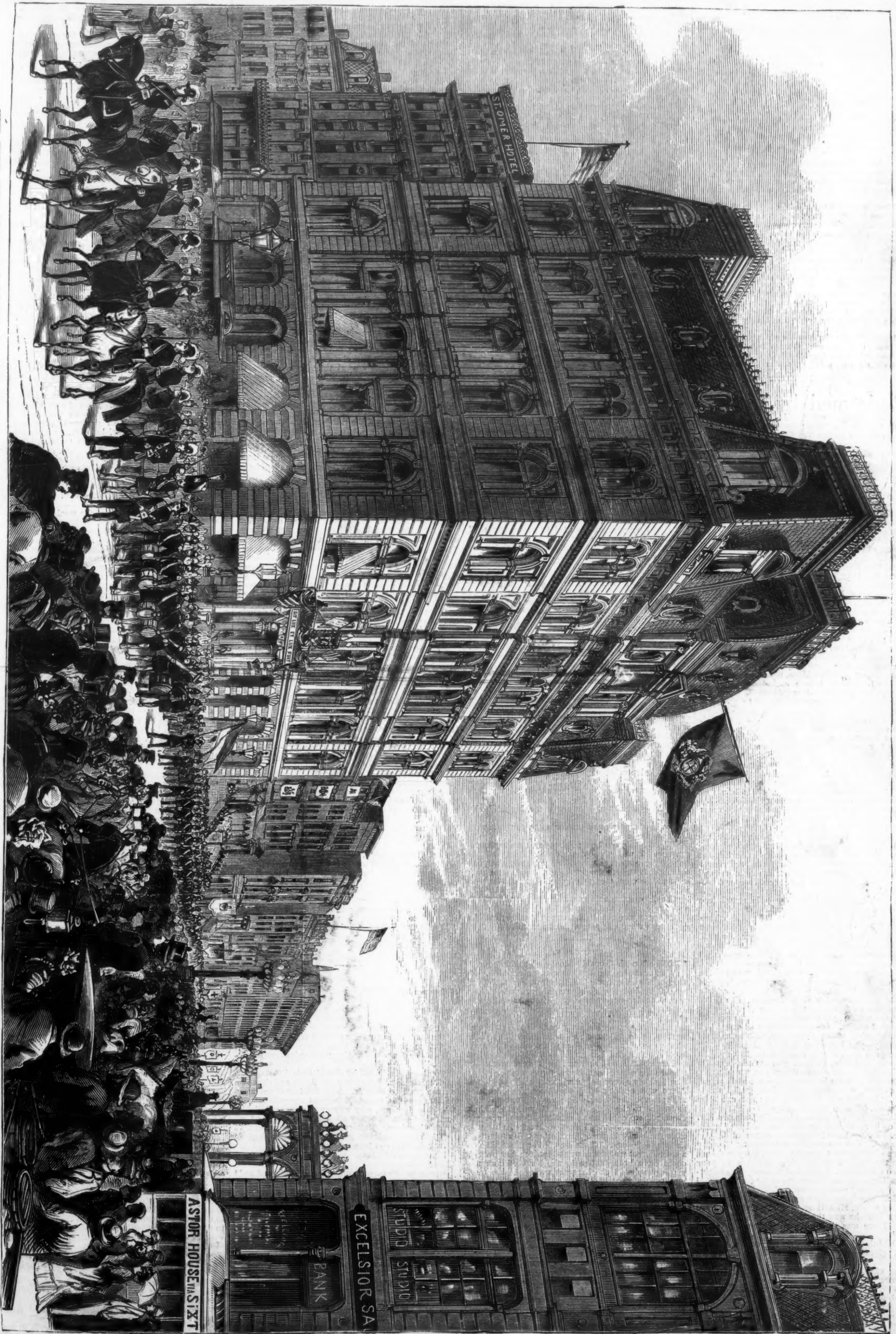
NEW YORK CITY.—Manager Neuendorf, of the Germania and Stadt Theatres, has sailed for Europe to accompany Mme. Perche-Leutner and Herr Wachtel to this country for the Fall and Winter season. . . . Twelve organists are competing for the possession of the mammoth organ now being built for Dr. Hall's new church on Fifth Avenue. . . . The season at Booth's closed on the 5th, the last piece being "Camille," with Miss Morris in the title rôle, and Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as Armand. . . . Mr. J. H. Stoddard will be at the Union Square next season. . . . Barnum's Hippodrome, as predicted last week, has become the favorite central musical garden of the season, and is now open afternoon and evening. . . . The Vokes Family will bring out Blanchard's "Bunch of Berries" at the Fifth Avenue in August. . . . The following artists of the regular company of the Fifth Avenue will leave in a day or two for a season in San Francisco: Mrs. Gilbert, Misses Davenport, Emily Rigi, Alice Gray, Kate Holland, Nannie Sargent, and Stella Congdon, and Messrs. Fisher, Lewis, Davidge, Parkes, Barrymore, Drew, Moore, Fawcett and Chapman. . . . The new local sensational play at Wallack's embraces the old Walton House, a Cherry Street tenement, the "spider-web" at Forty-second Street, a variety theatre, Bowling Green, and a Hudson villa. Harrigan and Hart are superb in their Irish characters. The heavy villain is the uncle of the heroine, who tries to procure her death, first by bringing her to the tenement, and then by trying to crush her on the railroad-track.

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. John Gilbert is playing an engagement at the Boston Museum, appearing in sterling old comedies. . . . Ristori made her first appearance on the California stage at Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco, on June 2d. . . . Belvil Ryan made a hit in Baltimore by his impersonation of *Eccles* in "Cast." . . . John Ellsler will manage two theatres in Cleveland, O., next season, and, with M. Gotthold, two others in Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . M. de Viro contemplates a season of opera in San Francisco before Mme. di Murska's departure for the East. . . . Frank Mayo has been playing in his "Streets of New York" at the Boston Theatre. . . . The Summer season at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, began on the 31st ult., with the new play of "Si Slocum."

FOREIGN.—Mr. Toole has been giving a series of performances in Toronto to crowded houses. . . . Patti and Nilsson are both singing in opera at London; a very rare treat. . . . Capoul has effected an arrangement with the manager of the Opera-Comique, Paris, and he will appear this Winter as the hero in "Paul et Virginie." . . . M. Arban and his orchestra will soon leave Paris for a season of concerts in the United States. . . . Blanchard's new extravaganza, "The Bunch of Berries," has been brought out at the London Adelphi. It is pronounced bright, merry, full of spirit, and yet the very antithesis of the French school of plays. The piece was written expressly for the Vokes Family. . . . Mme. Haizinger, the "first old woman" of the Burg Theatre Vienna, celebrated the other day the sixtieth anniversary of her debut on the stage. She is now nearly seventy-seven years of age. . . . There are now eighty-nine American students in the Conservatory at Stuttgart.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND LODGE ROOM OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE—DEDICATORY EXERCISES BY THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, JUNE 2d.—SEE PAGE 235.



NEW YORK CITY.—DEDICATION OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE AT THE CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, JUNE 20.—HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING THE TEMPLE.—SEE PAGE 235.

WHEN?

BY
WALTER SEDWIN.

ONCE more the sunshine gladdens all the earth, love,
Again do bud and blossom spring to view,
As summer flowers hasten into birth, love,
And all things beautiful their life renew.

The waking earth is fraught again with gladness,
The softened air with melody is rife,
That seemeth but the requiem of sadness
That reigneth ere yet the flowers spring to life.

The feathered minstrels wake again their song, love,
To welcome Flora back with joyous strain;
And high in air his anthem hushed so long, love,
The soaring lark in fullness pours again.

The zephyr softly fans each scented blossom,
And sips the perfume from the new-born rose,
As summer nestling closely on Earth's bosom,
Once more doth all her floral wealth disclose.

The blackbird to his mate doth call again, love,
In notes of love awaking in his breast;
Sweet Philomel pours out her vesper strain, love,
When Sol has settled tired in the West.

All things that life and feeling have rejoice, love,
And only I in loneliness repine,
Still waiting for the music of thy voice, love,
In accents telling me that thou art mine.

Through all the years we number with the past, love,
I've waited for the footstep never heard;
Yet still methinks 'twill some day come at last, love,
When love within thy breast hath faintly stirred.

The blackbird's mate will to his call reply, love,
In music that shall echo through the glen,
And, soon or late, thy footstep will draw nigh, love—
But oh, my truant darling, tell me—when?

Redeemed by Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO days had passed since Miss Hastings's arrival. On a beautiful morning, when the sun was shining and the birds were singing in the trees, she sat in the study, with an expression of deepest anxiety, of deepest thought, on her face. Pauline, with a smile on her lips, sat opposite to her, and there was a profound silence. Miss Darrell was the first to break it.

"Well," she asked, laughingly, "what is your verdict, Miss Hastings?"

The elder lady looked up with a long, deep-drawn sigh.

"I have never been so completely puzzled in all my life," she replied. "My dear Pauline, you are the strangest mixture of ignorance and knowledge that I have ever met. You know a great deal, but it is all of the wrong kind; you ought to unlearn all that you have learned."

"You admit, then, that I know something?"

"Yes; but it would be almost better, perhaps, if you did not. I will tell you how I feel, Pauline. I know nothing of the building, but I feel as though I had been placed before a heap of marble, porphyry, and granite, of wood, glass, and iron, and then told from those materials to shape a magnificent palace. I am at a loss what to do."

Miss Darrell laughed with the glaze of a child. Her governess, repressing her surprise, continued: "You know more in some respects than most educated women; in other and equally essential matters you know less than a child. You speak French fluently, perfectly; you have read a large number of books in the French language—good, bad, indifferent, it appears to me; yet you have no more idea of French grammar or of the idiom or construction of the language than a child."

"That indeed I have not; I consider grammar the most stupid of all human inventions."

Miss Hastings offered no comment.

"Again," she continued, "you speak good English, but your spelling is bad, and your writing worse. You are better acquainted with English literature than I am—that is, you have read more. You have read indiscriminately; even the titles of some of the books you have read are not admissible."

The dark eyes flashed, and the pale, grand face was stirred as though by some sudden emotion.

"There was a large library in the house where we lived," she explained, hurriedly, "and I read every book in it. I read from early morning until late at night, and sometimes from night until morning; there was no one to tell me what was right and what was wrong, Miss Hastings."

"Then," continued the governess, "you have written a spirited poem on Anne Boleyn, but you know nothing of English history—neither the date nor the incidents of a single reign. You have written the half of a story, the scene of which is laid in the tropics, yet of geography you have not the faintest notion. Of matters such as every girl has some idea of—of biography, of botany, of astronomy—you have not even a glimmer. The chances are that, if you engaged in conversation with any sensible person, you would equally astonish, first by the clever things you would utter, and then by the utter ignorance you would display."

"I cannot be flattered, Miss Hastings," Pauline put in, "because you humiliate me; nor can I be humiliated, because you flatter me."

But Miss Hastings pursued her criticisms steadily. "You have not the slightest knowledge of arithmetic. As for knowledge of a higher class, you have none. You are dreadfully deficient. You say that you have read Auguste Comte, but you do not know the answer to the first question in your Church Catechism. Your education requires beginning all over again. You never had any settled plan of study, I should imagine."

"No. I learned drawing from Jules Lacroix. Talk of talent, Miss Hastings! You should have known him—he was the handsomest artist I ever saw. There was something so picturesque about him."

"Doubtless," was the dry response; "but I think 'picturesque' is not the word to use in such a case. Music, I presume, you taught yourself?"

The girl's whole face brightened—her manner changed.

"Yes, I taught myself; poor papa could not afford to pay for my lessons. Shall I play to you, Miss Hastings?"

There was a piano in the study, a beautiful and valuable instrument, which Sir Oswald had ordered for his niece.

"I shall be very pleased to hear you," said Miss Hastings.

Pauline Darrell rose and went to the piano. Her face was then as the face of one inspired. She sat

down and played a few chords, full, beautiful, and harmonious.

"I will sing to you," she said. "We often went to the opera—papa, Jules, Louis, and myself. I used to sing everything I heard. This is from *Il Puritani*;" and she sang one of the most beautiful solos of the opera.

Her voice was magnificent, full, ringing, vibrating with passion—a voice that, like her face, could hardly be forgotten; but she played and sang entirely after a fashion of her own.

"Now, Miss Hastings," she said, "I will imitate Adelina Patti."

Face, voice, manner, all changed; she began one of the far-famed *prima donna's* most admired songs, and Miss Hastings owned to herself that if she had closed her eyes she might have believed Madame Patti present.

"This is *à la* Christine Nilsson," continued Pauline; and again the imitation was brilliant and perfect.

The magnificent voice did not seem to tire, though she sang song after song, and imitated in the most marvelous manner some of the grandest singers of the day. Miss Hastings left her seat and went to her.

"You have a splendid voice, my dear, and great musical genius. Now tell me, do you know a single note of music?"

"Not one," was the quick reply.

"You know nothing of keys, time, or anything else?"

"Why should I trouble myself when I could play without learning anything of the kind?"

"But that kind of playing, Pauline, although it is very clever, would not do for educated people."

"Is it not good enough for them?" she asked, serenely.

"No; one cannot help admiring it, but any educated person hearing you would detect directly that you did not know your notes."

"Would they think much less of me on that account?" she asked, with the same serenity.

"Yes; every one would think it sad to see so much talent wasted. You must begin to study hard; you must learn to play by note, not by ear, and then all will be well. You love music, Pauline?"

How the beautiful face glowed and the dark eyes shone!

"I love it," she said, "because I can put my whole soul into it—there is room for one's soul in it. You will be shocked, I know, but that is why I like Comte's theories—because they filled my mind, and gave me so much to think of."

"Were I in your place, I should try to forget them, Pauline."

"You should have seen Sir Oswald's face when I told him I had read Comte and Darwin. He positively groaned aloud;" and she laughed as she remembered his misery.

"I feel very much inclined to groan myself," said Miss Hastings. "You shall have theories, or facts, higher, more beautiful, nobler, grander far than any Comte ever dreamed. And now we must begin to work in real earnest."

But Pauline did not move; her dark eyes were shadowed, her beautiful face grew sullen and determined.

"You are going to spoil my life," she said. "Hitherto it has been a glorious life—free, glad, and bright; now you are going to parcel it out. There will be no more sunny hours; you are going to reduce me to a kind of machine—to cut off all my beautiful dreams, my lofty thoughts. You want to make me a formal, precise young lady, who will laugh, speak, and think by rule."

"I want to make you a sensible woman, my dear Pauline," corrected Miss Hastings, gravely.

"Who is the better or the happier for being so sensible?" demanded Pauline. She paused for a few minutes, and then she added, sullenly: "Darrell Court and all the wealth of the Darrells are not worth it, Miss Hastings."

"Not worth what, Pauline?"

"Not worth the price I must pay."

"What is the price?" asked Miss Hastings, calmly.

"My independence, my freedom of action and thought, my liberty of speech."

"Do you seriously value these more highly than all that Sir Oswald could leave you?"

"I do—a thousand times more highly," she replied.

Miss Hastings was silent for some few minutes, and then said:

"We must do our best; suppose we make a compromise. I will give you all the liberty that I honestly can, in every way, and you shall give your attention to the studies I propose. I will make your task as easy as I can for you. Darrell Court is worth a struggle."

"Yes," was the half-reluctant reply, "it is worth a struggle, and I will make it."

But there was not much hope in the heart of the governess when she commenced her task.

CHAPTER V.

HOW often Sir Oswald's smile of the untrained, unpruned, uncultivated vine returned to the mind of Miss Hastings! Pauline Darrell was by nature a genius, a girl of magnificent intellect, a grand, noble, generous being all untrained. She had in her capabilities of the greatest kind—she could be either the very empress of wickedness or angelic. She was gloriously endowed, but it was impossible to tell how she would develop; there was no moderation in her; she acted always from impulse, and her impulses were quick, warm and irresistible. If she had been an actress, she would surely have been the very queen of the stage. Her faults were like her virtues—all grand ones. There was nothing trivial, nothing mean, nothing ungenerous, about her. She was of a nature likely to be led to the highest criminality or the highest virtue; there could be no medium of mediocre virtue for her. She was full of character, charming even in her willfulness, but utterly devoid of all small affectations. There was in her the making of a magnificent woman, a great heroine; but nothing could have brought her to the level of commonplace people. Her character was almost a terrible one in view of the responsibilities attached to it.

Grand, daring, original, Pauline was all force, all fire, all passion. Whatever she loved, she loved with an intensity almost terrible to witness. There was also no "middle way" in her dislikes—she hated with a fury of hate. She had little patience, little toleration; one of her greatest delights consisted in ruthlessly tearing away the social veil which most people loved to wear. There were times when her grand, pale, passionate beauty seemed to darken and to deepen, and one felt instinctively that it was in her to be cruel even to fierceness; and again, when her heart was touched and her face softened, one imagined that she might be somewhat akin to angels.

What was to become of such a nature? What was to develop it—what was to train it? If from her infancy Pauline had been under wise and tender guidance, if some mind that she felt to be superior to her own had influenced her, the certainty is that she would have grown up into a thoughtful,

intellectual, talented woman, one whose influence would have been paramount for good, one to whom men would have looked for guidance almost unconsciously to themselves.

But her training had been terribly defective. No one had ever controlled her. She had been mistress of her father's house, and queen of his little coterie; with her quiet, unerring judgment, she had made her own estimate of the strength, the mind, the intellect of each one with whom she came into contact, and the result was always favorable to herself—she saw no one superior to herself. Then the society in which her father had delighted was the worst possible for her; she reigned supreme over them all—clever, gifted artists, good-natured Bohemians, who admired and applauded her, who praised every word that fell from her lips, who honestly believed her to be one of the marvels of the world, who told her continually that she was one of the most beautiful, most talented, most charming mortals, who applauded every daring sentiment instead of telling her plainly that what was not orthodox was seldom right—honest Bohemians who looked upon the child as a wonder, and puzzled themselves to think what destiny was high enough for her—men whose artistic tastes were gratified by the sight of her magnificent loveliness, who had for her the deepest, truest and highest respect, who never in her presence uttered a syllable that they would not have uttered in the presence of a child—good-natured Bohemians who sometimes had money and sometimes had none, who were always willing to share their last sou with others more needy than themselves, who wore shabby, threadbare coats, but who knew how to respect the pure presence of a pure girl.

Pauline had received a kind of education. Her father's friends discussed everything—art, science, politics and literature—in her presence; they discussed the wildest stories, they indulged in unbounded fun and satire; they were the wittiest, even as they were the cleverest, of men. They ridiculed unmercifully what they were pleased to call the "regulations of polite society"; they enjoyed unvarnished truth—as a rule, the more disagreeable the truth, the more they delighted in telling it. They scorned all etiquette, they pursued all dandies and belles with terrible sarcasm; they believed in every wild or impossible theory that had ever been started. In fact, though honest as the day, honorable and true, they were about the worst associates a young girl could have had to fit her for the world. The life she led amongst them had been one long romance, of which she had been queen.

The house in the Rue d'Orme had once been a grand mansion; it was filled with quaint carvings, old tapestry and the relics of a bygone generation. The rooms were large—most of them had been turned into studios. Some of the finest of modern pictures came from the house in the Rue d'Orme, although, as a rule, the students who worked there were not wealthy.

It was almost amusing to see how this delicate young girl ruled over such society. By one word she commanded these great, generous, unworldly men—with one little finger upraised she could beckon them at her will; they had a hundred pet names for her—they thought no queen or empress fit to be compared with their old comrade's daughter. She was to be excused if constant flattery and homage had made her believe that she was in some way superior to the rest of the world.

When the great change came—when she left the Rue d'Orme for Darrell Court—it was a terrible blow to Pauline to find all this superiority vanish into thin air. In place of admiration and flattery, she heard nothing but reproach and correction. She was given to understand that she was hardly presentable in polite society—she, who had ruled like a queen over scholars and artists! Instead of laughter and applause, grim silence followed her remarks. She read in the faces of those around her that she was not as they were—not of their world. Her whole soul turned longingly to the beautiful free Bohemian world she had left. The crowning blow of all was when, after studying her carefully for some time, Sir Oswald told her that he feared her manners were against her—that neither in style nor in education was she fitted to be mistress of Darrell Court. She had submitted passively to the change in her name; she was proud of being a Darrell—she was proud of the grand old race from which she sprung. But when Sir Oswald had uttered that last speech, she flamed out in fierce, violent passion, which showed him she had at least the true Darrell spirit.

There were points in her favor, he admitted. She was magnificently handsome—she had more courage and a higher spirit than fall even to the lot of most men. She was a fearless horsewoman; indeed it was only necessary for any pursuit to be dangerous and to require unlimited courage for her instantly to undertake it.

Would the balance at last turn in her favor? Would her beauty, her spirits, her courage, outweigh defective education, defective manner, and want of worldly knowledge?

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a beautiful afternoon in June. May, with its lilac and hawthorn, had passed away; the roses were in fairest bloom, the lilies looked like great white stars; the beauty and fullness, the warmth and fragrance of Summer were on the face of the land, and everything living rejoiced in it.

Pauline had begged that the daily readings might take place under the great cedar-tree on the lawn.

"If I must be bored by dry historical facts," she said, "let me at least have the lights and shadows on the lawn to look at. The shadow of the trees on the grass is beautiful beyond everything else. Oh, Miss Hastings, why will people write dull histories? I like to fancy all kings heroes, and all queens heroines. History leaves us no illusions."

"Still," replied the governess, "it teaches us plenty of what you love so much—truth."

The beautiful face grew very serious and thoughtful.

"Why are so many truths disagreeable and sad? If I could rule, I would have the world so bright, so fair and glad, every one so happy. I cannot understand all this undercurrent of sorrow."

"Comte did not explain it, then, to your satisfaction?" said Miss Hastings.

"Comte!" cried the girl, impatiently. "I am not obliged to believe all I read! Once and for all, Miss Hastings, I do not believe in Comte and his fellows. I only read what he wrote because people seemed to think it clever to have done so. You know—you must know—that I believe in our great Father. Who could look round on this lovely world, and not do so?"

Miss Hastings felt more hopeful of the girl than she had ever felt before. Such strange, wild theories had fallen at times from her lips that it was some consolation to know she had still a child's faith.

The afternoon was so beautiful: the shadows of the lime-trees trembled and quivered on the grass; the shade under the great cedar was so cool and pleasant; the air was so full of fragrance from the

white acacia-blossoms and the crimson roses—it was full of melody from the song of a thousand birds. Under the circumstances it was difficult to attend closely to the conquest of the Angles and Saxons.

Then came an interruption in the shape of a footman, with Sir Oswald's compliments, and would the ladies go to the drawing-room? There were visitors.

"Who are they?" asked Miss Darrell, abruptly.

The man replied: "Sir George and Lady Hampton."

"I shall not go," said Pauline, decidedly; "that woman sickens me with her false airs and silly, false graces. I have not patience to talk to her."

"Sir Oswald will not be pleased," remonstrated Miss Hastings.

"That I cannot help—it is not my fault. I shall not make myself a hypocrite to please Sir Oswald. Society has duties which must be discharged, and which do not depend upon our liking; we must do our duty whether we like it or not."

"I detest society," was the abrupt reply; "it is all a sham!"

"Then why not do your best to improve it? That would surely be better than to abuse it."

"There is something in that," confessed Miss Darrell, slowly.

"If we each do our little best towards making the world even ever so little better than we found it," said Miss Hastings, "we shall not have lived in vain."

There was a singular grandeur of generosity about the girl. If she saw that she was wrong in an argument or an opinion, she admitted it with the most charming candor. That admission she made now by rising at once to accompany Miss Hastings.

The drawing-room at Darrell Court was a magnificent apartment; it had been furnished under the superintendence of the late Lady Darrell, a lady of exquisite taste. It was all white and gold, the white hangings with bullion fringe and gold braids, the white damask with a delicate border of gold; the pictures, the costly statues gleamed in the midst of rich and rural flowers; graceful ornaments, tall slender vases, were filled with choicest blossoms; the large mirrors, with their golden frames, were each and all perfect in their way. There was nothing gaudy, brilliant, or dazzling; all was subdued, in perfect good taste and harmony.

In this superb room the beauty of Pauline Darrell always showed to great advantage; she was in perfect keeping with its splendor. As she entered now, with her usual half-haughty, half-litless grace, Sir Oswald looked up with admiration plainly expressed on his face.

"What a queenly mistress she would make for the Court, if she would but behave like other people!" he thought to himself; and then Lady Hampton rose to greet the girl.

"My dear Miss Darrell, I was getting quite impatient; it seems an age since I saw you—really an age."

"It is an exceedingly short one," returned Pauline; "I saw you on Tuesday, Lady Hampton."

"Did you? Ah, yes; how could I forget? Ah, my dear child, when you reach my age—when your mind is filled with a hundred different matters—you will not have such a good memory as you have now."

Lady Hampton was a little over-dressed woman. She looked all flowers and furbelows—all ribbons and laces. She was, however, a perfect mistress of all the arts of polite society; she knew exactly what to say and how to say it; she knew when to smile, when to look sympathetic, when to sigh. She was not sincere; she never made the least pretense of being so. "Society" was her one idea—how to please it, how to win its admiration, how to secure a high position in it.

The contrast between the two was remarkable—the young girl with her noble face, her grand soul looking out of her clear dark eyes; Lady Hampton with her artificial smiles, her shifting glance, and would-be charming gestures. Sir Oswald stood by with a courtly smile on his face.

"I have some charming news for you," said Lady Hampton; "I am sure you will be pleased to hear it, Miss Darrell."

"That will quite depend on what it is like," interposed Pauline, honestly.

"You dear, droll child! You are so original; you have so much character. I always tell Sir Oswald you are quite different from any one else." And, though her ladyship spoke smilingly, she gave a keen, quiet glance at Sir Oswald's face, in all probability to watch the effect of her words.

"Ah, well," she continued, "I suppose that in your position a little singularity may be permitted; and then she paused, with a bland smile.

"To what position do you allude?" asked Miss Darrell.

Lady Hampton laughed again. She nodded with an air of great penetration.

"You are cautious, Miss Darrell. But I am forgetting my news. It is this—that my niece, Miss Elinor Rocheford, is coming to visit me."

She waited evidently for Miss Darrell to make some complimentary reply. Not a word came from the proud lips.

"And when she comes, I hope, Miss Darrell, that you and she will be great friends."

"It is rather probable, if I like her," was the frank reply.

Sir Oswald looked horrified. Lady Hampton smiled still more sweetly.

"You are sure to like her. Elinor is most dearly loved wherever she goes."

"Is she a sweet creature?" asked Pauline, with such inimitable mimicry that Miss Hastings shuddered, while Sir Oswald turned pale.

"She is indeed," replied Lady Hampton, who, if she understood the sarcasm, made no sign. "With Sir Oswald's permission, I shall bring her to spend a long day with you, Miss Darrell."

"I shall be charmed," said Sir Oswald; "really delighted, Lady Hampton. You do me great honor indeed." He looked at his niece for some little confirmation of his words, but that young lady appeared too haughty for speech; the word "honor" seemed to her strangely misapplied.

Lady Hampton relaxed none of her graciousness; her bland suavity continued the same until the end of the visit; and then, in some way, she contrived to make Miss Hastings understand that she wanted to speak with her. She asked the governess if she would go with her to the carriage, as she wished to consult her about some music. When they were alone, her air and manner changed abruptly. She turned eagerly to her, her eyes full of sharp, keen curiosity.

"Can you tell me one thing?" she asked. "Is Sir Oswald going to make that proud, stupid, illiterate girl his heiress—mistress of Darrell Court?"

"I do not know," replied Miss Hastings. "How should I be able to answer such a question?"

"Of course I ask in confidence—only in strict confidence; you understand that, Miss Hastings?"

"I understand," was the grave reply.

"All the county is crying shame on him," said her ladyship. "A French painter's daughter! He must be mad to think of such a thing. A girl

brought up in the midst of heaven knows what! He never can intend to leave Darrell Court to her."

"He must leave it to some one," said Miss Hastings; "and who has a better right to it than his own sister's child?"

"Let him marry," she suggested, hastily; "let him marry, and leave it to children of his own. Do you think the county will tolerate such a mistress for Darrell Court, so blunt, so ignorant? Miss Hastings, he must marry."

"I can only suppose," replied the governess, "that he will please himself, Lady Hampton, without any reference to the county."

CHAPTER VII.

JUNE, with its roses and lilies, passed on, the laburnums had all fallen, the lilies had vanished, and still the state of affairs at Darrell Court remained doubtful. Pauline, in many of those respects in which her uncle would have seen her changed, remained unaltered—indeed it was not easy to unlearn the teachings of a lifetime.

Miss Hastings, more patient and hopeful than Sir Oswald, persevered with infinite tact and discretion. But there were certain peculiarities of which Pauline could not be broken. One was a habit of calling everything by its right name. She had no notion of using any of those polite little fictions society delights in; no matter how harsh, how ugly the word, she did not hesitate to use it. Another peculiarity was that of telling the blunt, plain, abrupt truth, no matter what the cost, no matter who was pained. She tore away the flimsy veil of society with zest; she spared no one in her almost ruthless denunciations. Her intense scorn for all kinds of polite fiction was somewhat annoying.

"You need not say that I am engaged, James," she said one day, when a lady called whom she disliked. "I am not engaged, but I do not care to see Mrs. Camden."

Even that bland functionary looked annoyed. Miss Hastings tried to make some compromise.

"You cannot send such a message as that, Miss Darrell. Pray listen to reason."

"Sir Oswald and yourself certainly agreed that she was—"

"Never mind that," hastily interrupted Miss Hastings. "You must not hurt any one's feelings by such a blunt message as that; it is neither polite nor well-bred."

"I shall never cultivate either politeness or good-breeding at the expense of truth; therefore you had better send the message yourself, Miss Hastings."

"I will do so," said the governess, quietly. "I will manage it in such a way as to show Mrs. Camden that she is not expected to call again, yet so as not to humiliate her before the servants; but, remember, not at any sacrifice of truth."

Such contests were of daily, almost hourly, occurrence; whether the result would be such a degree of training as to fit the young lady for taking the position she wished to occupy remained doubtful.

"This is really very satisfactory," said Sir Oswald, abruptly one morning, as he entered the library where Miss Hastings awaited him; "but," he continued, "before I explain myself, let me ask you how are you getting on—what progress are you making with your tiresome pupil?"

The gentle heart of the governess was grieved to think that she could not give a more satisfactory reply; little real progress had been made in study—less in manner.

"There is a mass of splendid material, Sir Oswald," she said; "but the difficulty lies in putting it into shape."

"I am afraid," he observed, "people will make remarks; and I have heard more than one doubt expressed as to what kind of hands Darrell Court is likely to fall into, should I make Pauline my heiress. You see she is capable of almost anything. She would turn the place into an asylum; she would transform it into a college for philosophers, a home for needy artists—in fact, anything that might occur to her—without the least hesitation."

Miss Hastings could not deny it; they were not speaking of a manageable, nineteenth century young lady, but of one to whom no ordinary rules applied, whom no customary measures fitted.

"I have a letter here," continued Sir Oswald, "from Captain Aubrey Langton, the son of one of my oldest and dearest friends. He proposes to pay me a visit, and—pray, Miss Hastings, pardon me for suggesting such a thing, but I should be so glad if he would fall in love with Pauline. I have an idea that love might educate and develop her more quickly than anything else."

Miss Hastings had already thought the same thing; but she knew whoever won the love of such a girl as Pauline Darrell would be one of the cleverest of men.

"I am writing to him to tell him that I hope he will remain with us for a month, and during that time I hope—I fervently hope—he may fall in love with my niece. She is beautiful enough. Pardon me again, Miss Hastings, but has she ever spoken to you of love or lovers?"

"No. She is in that respect, as in many others, quite unlike the generality of girls. I have never heard an allusion to such matters from her lips—never once."

This fact seemed to Sir Oswald stranger than any other—he had an idea that girls devoted the greater part of their thoughts to such subjects.

"Do you think," he inquired, "that she cared for any one in Paris—any of those men, for instance, whom she used to meet at her father's?"

"No," replied Miss Hastings; "I do not think so. She is strangely backward in all such respects, although she was brought up entirely amongst gentlemen."

"Amongst—pardon me, my dear madame, not gentlemen—members, we will say, of a gentlemanly profession."

Sir Oswald took from his gold snuff-box a pinch of most delicately-flavored snuff, and looked as though he thought the very existence of such people a mistake.

"Any little influence that you may possess over my niece, Miss Hastings, will you kindly use in Captain Langton's favor? Of course, if anything should come of my plan—as I fervently hope there may—I shall stipulate that the engagement last two years; during that time I shall trust to the influence of love to change my niece's character."

It was only a fresh complication—one from which Miss Hastings did not expect much.

That same day, during dinner, Sir Oswald told his niece of the expected arrival of Captain Langton.

"I have seen so few English gentlemen," she remarked, "that he will be a subject of some curiosity to me."

"You will find him—that is, if he resembles his father—a high-bred, noble gentleman," said Sir Oswald, complacently.

"Is he clever?" she asked. "What does he do?"

"Do!" repeated Sir Oswald. "I do not understand you."

"Does he paint pictures, or write books?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Sir Oswald, proudly. "He is a gentleman."

Her face flushed hotly for some minutes, and then the flush died away, leaving her paler than ever.

"I consider artists and writers gentlemen," she retorted; "gentlemen of a far higher stamp than those to whom fortune has given money and nature has denied brains."

Another time a sharp argument would have resulted from the throwing down of such a gauntlet. Sir Oswald had something else in view, so he allowed the speech to pass.

"It will be a great pleasure for me to see my old friend's son again," he said. "I hope, Pauline, you will help me to make his visit a pleasant one."

"What can I do?" she asked, brusquely.

"What a question!" laughed Sir Oswald. "Say, rather, what can you not do? Talk to him, sing to him. Your voice is magnificent, and would give any one the greatest pleasure. You can ride out with him."

"If he is a clever, sensible man, I can do all that you mention; if not, I shall not trouble myself about him. I never could endure either tiresome or stupid people."

"My young friend is not likely to prove either," said Sir Oswald, angrily; and Miss Hastings wondered in her heart what the result of it all would be.

That same evening Miss Darrell talked of Captain Langton, weaving many bright fancies concerning him.

"I suppose," she said, "that it is not always the most favorable specimens of the English who visit Paris. We used to see such droll caricatures. I like a good caricature above all things. Do you, Miss Hastings?"

"When it is good, and pains no one," was the sensible reply.

The girl turned away with a little impatient sigh.

"Your ideas are all colorless," she said, sharply. "In England it seems to me that everybody is alike. You have no individuality, no character."

"If character means, in your sense of the word, ill nature, so much the better," rejoined Miss Hastings. "All good-hearted people strive to save each other from pain."

"I wonder," said Pauline, thoughtfully, if I shall like Captain Langton. We have been living here quietly enough; but I feel as though some great change were coming. You have no doubt experienced that peculiar sensation which comes over one just before a heavy thunder-storm? I have that strange, half-nervous, half-restless sensation now."

"You will try to be amiable, Pauline," put in the governess, quietly. "You see that Sir Oswald evidently thinks a great deal of this young friend of his. You will not try to shock your uncle in any way—not to violate those little conventionalities that he respects so much."

"I will do my best; but I must be myself—always myself. I cannot assume a false character."

"Then let it be your better self," said the governess, gently; and for one minute Pauline Darrell was touched.

"That sweet creature, Lady Hampton's niece, will be here next week," she remarked, after a short pause. "What changes will be brought into our lives, I wonder?"

Of all the changes possible, least of all she expected the tragedy that afterwards happened.

(To be continued.)

MACREADY IN A PASSION.

HIS rustic state of mind was wrought to frenzy in the beginning of 1836, by the studied slights put upon him by his Drury Lane Manager, Mr. Bunn, a man whom he might be forgiven for regarding with contempt.

Macready held, however, a lucrative permanent engagement at the theatre, to which he was determined to hold fast. Bunn, on the other hand, wanted to get rid of him, for the twofold reason that his attraction had fallen off, and that Malibran had been secured for the theatre, and made the manager independent of the legitimate drama. The parties were at covert war, each trying to outflank the other. It was Bunn's tactics to disgust Macready by professional slights, putting him up for inferior parts, for important ones at too short notice, and the like. At last the climax of indignity was inflicted by announcing Macready for "the three first acts of Richard III." The night came. He went through the part "in a sort of desperate way." As he left the stage, he had to pass the manager's room; opening the door, he rushed in upon the startled *impresario*, who was seated at his writing-table, and launched a highly appropriate but by no means complimentary epithet at him; with the pent-up force of wrath that had been nursed for months, "he struck him a back-handed slap across the face." A vehement scuffle ensued, in which Bunn, a much smaller and feebler man, had necessarily the worst of it. Macready was too truly a gentleman not to feel that, in this scene, he had to use his own words, committed a "most blamable action." His shame and contrition as expressed in his diary are overwhelming. "The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command. I can never, never during my life forgive myself." are among their mildest expressions.

Happily for him, his character stood as high with the world as that of his adversary was low. There were few to regret that Mr. Bunn had got thrashed; many who were sure that, if not for his offenses to Macready, at least for other delinquencies, he had richly deserved one. All the leading actors felt that Macready had been cruelly provoked, and they rallied loyally round him. Bunn brought his "action of battery," and his injuries were ultimately assessed at £150.

THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

TRUTH tends to prevail because it has generally one more point in the game than its adversary; but even that statement is not quite accurate. The philosophers who try to represent the history of thought as the embodiment of a certain logical evolution may be correct in the long run, but their view requires to be modified in application to shorter periods. The process by which the human mind advances is not a gradual discovery of new facts and of new laws, so that every stage of opinion is a mere expansion of the preceding stage. Rather it is a process of making every possible blunder, and discovering by slow experience that it won't work. No opinion is so absurd as not to have been held by some philosopher; for the simple reason that philosophizing means trying in succession every possible combination of opinions. Those which turn out to be fruitless are generally cast aside; though the old errors are constantly reappearing under a slightly different dress. At most, therefore, we improve by a constant series of rough approximations, each of which involves a considerable error; though the error involved may tend to become gradually less. Nor can it be said that the erroneous part of an opinion is always that which causes its failure. Some persons main-

tain that the success of false religions is proportional to the amount of truth contained in them. Mohammedanism flourished, not because Mohammed was, as our ancestors called him, a clever impostor, but because he announced some great truths, the effect of which was impeded by the admixture of gross error. But it must be added that the error was probably necessary to make the truth palatable. A worshiper of Mumbo-Jumbo cannot understand a pure religion until he has been educated into a capacity for new ideas, or until the truths have been adulterated by combination with the crude ideas which can find admission to his brain. Doctrines that come pure from the lips of their first teachers take up into a kind of chemical combination the crude superstitions which are popular amongst their hearers, and, were it not for that power, they would be incapable of diffusing themselves.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT THE SEANCE of the 26th of April last, M. Dumas stated before the Académie des Sciences that the alkaline sulpho-carbonates had been found effective in destroying the phylloxera without in any way affecting the growth of the vine. Experiments have, it appears, been tried with great success in several of the more important vine-growing districts.

A FRENCH MEDICAL JOURNAL says that Nélaton was for many years accustomed to prescribe the external use of alcohol for the prevention of small abscesses or boils. It appears that this treatment is now becoming more general in France. As soon as the characteristic redness appears, with a point rising in the middle, the part should be rubbed thoroughly, and several times, with camphorated alcohol. A little camphorated olive-oil should then be applied, and the affected place covered.

THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE at Paris has begun a process of engraving on copper which promises, by its rapidity and the moderation of its price, to be very widely useful. It consists in substance, first, in covering a plate of copper with a thin shell of adhering silver; upon which is spread a thin layer of colored varnish; second, in drawing thereon with a dry point the lines of topography, and lettering, precisely as one engraves with a diamond upon stone; third, in corroding the traced parts by means of the perchloride of iron.

DR. POOLEY, of Weston-super-Mare, has collected specimens of bark from a tree that had been struck by lightning. The inner surfaces of the detached chips contained ramified figures, as shown in the engraving.



Professor Tomlinson, after examining these, together with the bodies of several persons which exhibited figures of trees after being exposed to lightning, gives it as his opinion that these figures are not derived from any tree at all, but from the fiery hand of the lightning itself. Very distinctive tree-like figures may be produced on sheets of crown glass by passing over them the contents of a Leyden jar. For this purpose the plates should be put into a strong solution of soap, and wiped dry with a duster. If a plate be then held by the corner against the knob of a small charged jar, and, with one knob of the discharging rod resting against the outer coating, the other be brought up to the knob of the jar with the glass between, the spark will pass over the surface of the pane, turn over its edge, and thus arrive at the knob of the rod. Nothing is visible on the plate until it is breathed on, and then the condensed breath settles in the form of minute dew on those parts of the soapy film that have not been burnt off by the electricity, while on the lines that have been burnt off or made chemically clean the moisture condenses in watery lines, bringing out the trunk, branches and minute spray of the dendritic figure in the following form:



THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY has issued a circular directing the use of slaked lime for the preservation of those portions of the framework of iron vessels which are constantly exposed to the action of sea-water. The circular states that experiments have shown that the destructive effects of bilge-water on the iron frames of such vessels may be reduced or altogether obviated by the application of lime, which should be placed in the water contained in such compartments, bilges and wings, as cannot be dried out sufficiently to allow of the application of preservative paint, composition, or cement.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL McCLELLAN, who has been spending the Winter upon the Upper Nile, will return home in July.

THE Emperor of Germany has conferred the order of Civil Merit upon Mr. Bancroft, the historian, and Mr. Longfellow, the poet.

THE fortune left by the late Michel Levy, the famous Paris publisher, is estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. The heir is as yet unknown, as a will has not been found.

BISHOP WOOD of Philadelphia, who has been in the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Cincinnati, for some days, suffering from a severe, though not dangerous, illness, is now rapidly improving.

MR. HENRY UPHAM, who died recently at Brookline, Mass., left \$30,000 to the Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children, and \$50,000 to the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge.

A GENTLEMAN of Atlanta, Ga., learning that the widow of Stonewall Jackson is living at Charlotte, N. C., in straitened circumstances, has offered to give her an interest in a prosperous cotton factory.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is the only one of Queen Victoria's sons who is not a member of the Masonic Order, and his father-in-law, the Emperor of Russia, is one of the few sovereigns of Europe who oppose Masonry.

A MEMORIAL meeting in honor of the late General John C. Breckinridge will be held at Louisville, Ky., on the 17th of this month. General William Preston will deliver an oration, and there will be a procession by the Masonic and other fraternities.

THE fund for the erection of a bronze equestrian statue of General Meade now amounts to \$1,496 17. It is necessary to raise \$15,000 more, in order to secure the \$5,000 promised conditionally by the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia.

MR. B. G. NORTHERP will deliver an oration at the unveiling of the bronze statues of President Pierson and Charles Morgan, on the High School grounds at Clinton, Conn., June 23d. Governor Ingersoll and President Porter of Yale College will be present.

YOUSSEF FARHA, the Sultan's Minister of Finance, is one of the rare examples found in Turkey of mathematical genius and financial skill. His power of calculation is marvelous, and would compare with the most remarkable recorded instances of arithmetical prowess.

JOHN C. WHITTIN, of Whitinsville, has made a free gift to the normal school in Hampton, Va., of \$10,000, the estimated cost of the chapel in Virginia Hall, for the purpose of founding it as a memorial of his deceased wife. The chapel will take the name of the "Whittin Memorial Chapel."

THE Connecticut House of Representatives have voted, to promote Judge Loomis, of the Superior Court of the State, to the vacancy created on the Supreme Bench by the election of Judge Phelps to Congress. It also voted in favor of the re-election of Judges Sanford and Grainger, whose terms of eight years will soon expire.

THE people of Greece have raised by private subscription a considerable sum for the erection of a monument in honor of Lord Byron, as a recognition of his services in the cause of Greek liberation. It will be placed at Missolonghi, where Byron died, and where, out of his own means, he almost wholly fed, clothed and armed the garrison during the siege which made them famous.

THE famous class which was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, containing among its members Longfellow, Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and other men since distinguished in letters, is to hold its semi-centennial at the college about the 8th of July next. Mr. Longfellow will read a poem, Dr. George B. Cheever will deliver an oration, and Professor N. Dunn will also read a poem.

SALVINI has worn out several *Desdemonas* while playing *Othello*. The lady who acted the part with him last was obliged to have an operation performed on her throat from severe choking. He has also completely drained the market of *Iagos*. In the principal jealous scene he makes a complete mop-rag of *Iago*; he sweeps the floor with him, stamps on him, and otherwise makes it disagreeable for the ancient.

PROFESSOR MUIR, the State Geologist of California, spent the night of April 29th on Mount Shasta with one companion. It was very cold, and the wind very severe; both men were badly frostbitten. The object of the ascent was to see if a monument could be built on the summit. The project is said to be quite feasible. The monument will be thirty feet high and from twelve to fourteen feet wide at the base.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is about to astonish the world again. He has resolved to build a railroad along the Valley of the Nile to the interior of Africa, and as he has plenty of money and thousands of serfs at his command, he will, no doubt, accomplish his purpose. In a few years African explorers will be able to travel in sleeping-cars, and to write magnificent descriptions of places which they will have passed through in the dark.

GENERAL RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, who has been nominated for Governor by the Ohio Republicans, has already served two terms in that office. He was first elected in 1867, when Senator Allen G. Thurman ran against him, and again in 1869, by a largely increased majority, when the Hon. George H. Pendleton was the Democratic nominee. He was elected to Congress in 1864, and ran again for the same office in 1872, but was beaten by Mr. H. R. Baanling.

MR. DISRAELI has been placing his nephew in the very snug position of second clerk in the House of Lords, with the understanding that he is soon to succeed to the principal clerkship—an office of honor and emolument, and permanent. The young gentleman is the oldest son of Mr. Ralph Disraeli, the brother of the Prime Minister, and is named Coningsby, after the hero of the cleverest of Mr. Disraeli's novels. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli will be the heir of his uncle's property, and is said to possess a good share of the intellectual gifts of the family.

IN Germany a sharp dispute is going on as to the right of the Crown-Prince and his wife to be called the Crown-Prince and Princess of Germany. In Bavaria and Saxony the critics say that their imperial highnesses have no claim to the title, inasmuch as Prussian William is not Emperor of Germany, but only German Emperor—that is, he does not rule Germany; he is only President of the Confederation of German States. The members of his family, whenever they leave Prussian territory, are only ordinary princes; so the Ultramontanes are making a point of this.

MR. E. G. SPAULDING, of Buffalo, will commemorate the centennial of the battle of Bunker Hill in a commendable and patriotic manner. His grandfather and eight others of his name and kindred participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, one of them, Lieutenant Joseph Spaulding, being killed by the side of Colonel Prescott, and another, William Spaulding, being wounded. To preserve the memory of these brave men, Mr. Spaulding has erected a plain monument of New Hampshire granite in Forest Lawn Cemetery, and upon it has engraved, together with suitable inscriptions, the names of the nine Spauldings. The monument will be dedicated on the centennial, June 17th, when the Hon. James Sheldon, President of the Buffalo Historical Society, will preside, and the Rev. Dr. G. W. Heacock will deliver an address.



NEW YORK CITY.—DECORATION DAY.—FLORAL DECORATION OF THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY LINCOLN POST, G. A. R.

DECORATION OF THE LINCOLN STATUE.

EARLY on the morning of Decoration Day the members of Lincoln Post, No. 13, G. A. R., began the work of brightening the bronze statue of Lincoln in Union Square with floral devices. A rail-fence, covered with ivy, was erected around the metal disk on which the statue stands, while the sides of the pedestal were made brilliant with gems of the season, in the form of festoons, bou-

sion of the programme the Post fell into line, and started down-town to join the remainder of the procession.

PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH.

THIS very distinguished American naturalist, who was recently introduced to the world as a Mr. Marsh by the Hon. Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Department of the Interior of the United States

of America, was born in Lockport, N. Y., October 29th, 1831. He graduated at Yale College in 1860, and spent the two following years in the scientific school of that institution. Having determined to devote his time and thought to scientific pursuits, he went abroad, and from 1862 to 1865 gave himself up to the hardest study in the Universities of Berlin, Breslau and Heidelberg. Returning to the United States, he was elected Professor of Paleontology in Yale College.

Between the years 1861 to 1870 he published a number of works illustrating the special branch of scientific research to which he had applied himself. Since the latter year he has spent a number of months annually in investigating the extinct vertebrate animals of the region of the Rocky Mountains. It was while upon one of these expeditions in the interests of Yale College that a delegation of Indians, learning of his quality, pleaded that he would report to the Great Father the truth of their treatment by the agents of the Interior Department. He examined the complaints preferred, and believing many of them to be substantially true,

agreed to speak a word in their favor. As the chief complaints were based upon the quality of the rations issued by Government agents, Professor Marsh collected samples of all articles of food that were entered on the regular ration list, and laid them before the authorities in Washington, with such remarks that a man of strong humanitarian tastes would naturally utter. And it was in a general denial of the Professor's statements that the astute Mr. Secretary Delano called him a Mr. Marsh.

The Professor, finding that his simple intention of friendliness towards the Indians provoked denials from the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Indian agents, contractors, and nearly everybody engaged in mismanaging our red natives, ceases for a moment in his searches after paleontological specimens to prove his assertions true. He has the support of army officers and many prominent Indians, besides that of the general public.

EXCISE COMMISSIONER STINER.

MR. WILLIAM H. STINER, who was appointed by the late Mayor Havemeyer in November, 1874, a Commissioner of Excise to fill the unexpired term of eighteen months of Mr. John R. Voorhis, selected for one of the new Police Commissioners, was confirmed by the Board of Aldermen by the unusual vote of thirteen to one. Five days after his appointment he took his seat in the Board, and was at once elected its Secretary. With his customary good judgment he went to work quietly, studying the complicated Excise Laws, and endeavoring to discover the reason for the comparatively small receipts for license.

From the 1st of May up to the 1st of November of last year the Board had collected not quite \$150,000, against about \$400,000 during the same period of the previous year. This falling-off was occasioned by the opposition of an association of liquor dealers, who, believing the rates established for licenses were exorbitant, refused to pay them. A test case was called on the 23d of November in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, in which Sigismund Schwab was tried and convicted upon the charge of selling liquor without a license.

Mr. Stiner deemed this occasion a fitting one to institute a reform which he considered just to both the dealer and the city. He notified the delinquent dealers that the established rates must be paid; the Excise Law having been declared a constitutional enactment, should be rigidly enforced. But, recognizing the general stringency of the times, he would grant the applicants the privilege of paying the fees in regular

installments, instead of in the full sum. This appears but a simple method of reform; yet its success was apparent almost from the start. Delinquent dealers who swore they would never pay have already handed in over \$60,000. During the month of May just closed the sum of \$70,000 was collected for licenses, on a reduced rate of twenty-five per cent, against \$55,000 in the same month last year at the old rates. Under this new arrangement the Board has received altogether about \$400,000.

Finding that this plan was working successfully, Mr. Stiner turned his attention to the "bucket shops," or low groceries, dance and concert saloons, and the various small places in which "rot-gut" is sold to the poor and diseased, and in May he led several parties in assaults upon these dens.

In the recent reorganization of the Board, James L. Stewart was elected President; D. D. T. Marshall, Treasurer; and Mr. Stiner, Secretary and acting Chief Inspector.

On the 1st of June the Board of Apportionment made an appropriation for the Excise Board in the sum of \$47,000, being a reduction of \$7,500 from



PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTTMAN, MONTREAL.

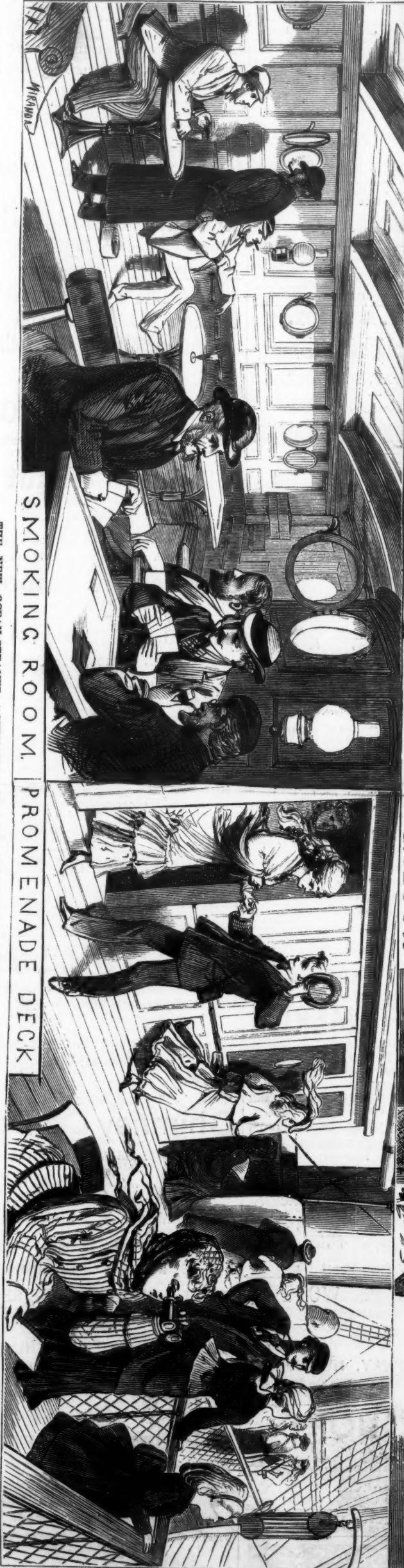


EXCISE COMMISSIONER W. H. STINER.

quets and potted clustlers. As the general procession came to the statue, Lincoln Post wheeled out of the line and formed a circle about the work. On one side of the monument were the colored children of the Shiloh Church Sunday-school. A brief opening address was delivered by Colonel John Hay, one of President Lincoln's Private Secretaries, after which came an address by General John Cochrane, a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Garnet, a dirge by the Governor's Island band, and other rhetorical and musical exercises. At the conclu-



THE MAIN SALOON



SMOKING ROOM. PROMENADE DECK

THE NEW OCEAN STEAMER "GERMANIC," OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.—SEE PAGE 233.

the amount asked. This action will greatly impair the efficiency of the Board, as they will be compelled to discharge a number of their officers.

Mr. Stiner was born in New York city, July 4th, 1834, of German parents, and received a brief course of education in our public schools. For over twenty years he has been prominently connected with the Metropolitan press, and for sixteen years he held an appointment upon the New York Herald. He was one of the earliest war correspondents in the field, and his map of the first battle of Bull Run, sketched during the disastrous engagement, was the initial publication of its kind of the war. He remained with the Army of the Potomac during the entire war, as managing correspondent of the Herald, participating in all the movements and contents of that famous body. He possesses remarkable powers of endurance, an uncompromising will and great physical courage; and having been trained to the observance of the strictest discipline, he is in all respects well fitted for the exciting position he now occupies.

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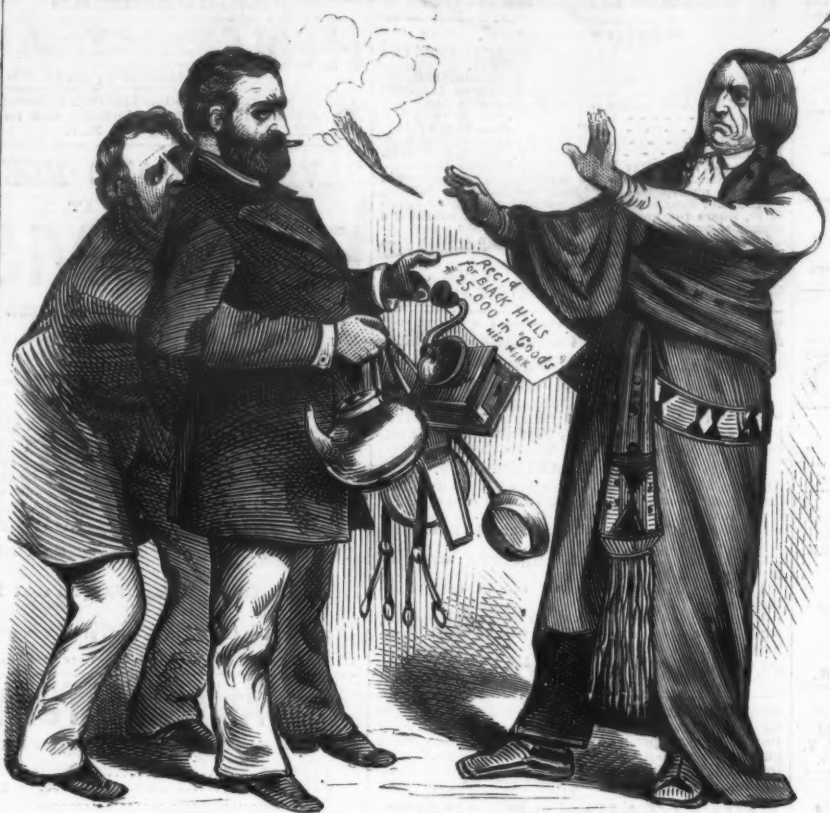
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1 Prize of 10,000 is	10,000
4 Prizes of 5,000 are	20,000
10 Prizes of 2,500 are	25,000
50 Prizes of 1,000 are	50,000
50 Prizes of 500 are	25,000
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10 Gifts of 2,500	are 25,000
50 Gifts of 1,000	are 50,000
50 Gifts of 500	are 25,000
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